

LADY'S OWN PAPER

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H.S.H. PRINCE TECK.

IN redemption of the promise made in our last number, we this week publish the portrait of his Serene Highness Prince Teck, the distinguished husband of Princess Mary of Cambridge, and now one of the most popular personages of our Court circles.

Prince Teck, Francis Paul Charles Louis Alexander, Count of Hohenstein, is the only son of Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg, a cousin of the present King of Wurtemberg: his mother was the daughter of the Hungarian Protestant Count Rhéday, whose family holds one of the foremost places among the great noble houses of Hungary and Transylvania. On her marriage she was made a Countess of Hohenstein in her own right, according to the custom prevailing at the German courts, in the same manner as upon the daughter of the Duke of Richmond the title of Countess Dornburg has been bestowed, on her marrying the Prince of Saxe-Weimar.

By the German law, however, the marriage of this lady to Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg was only recognised as a morganatic one; and consequently, as we learn from the "Almanach de Gotha," the issue (one son and two daughters) only bore the title of Count and Countesses of Hohenstein until Dec. 1, 1863, when a Royal decree of the King of Wurtemberg conferred upon them the titles of Prince and Princesses Teck. Prince Teck was born Aug. 27, 1837. Previously to his marriage to Princess Mary, in 1866, his serene highness held a commission as cavalry officer in the Austrian service, but from this he retired and fixed his residence in this country. His sister Princess Claudine of Teck has lately been on a visit to England, and has had, under the escort of her brother, an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the principal sites of interest in the metropolis.

The marriage, which was so auspiciously commemorated at Kew on the 12th June, 1866, in the presence of the Queen and Royal Family, has proved an eminently happy one. The royal pair, who grace by their presence most of the aristocratic gatherings of the season, reside at Kensington Palace, a mansion around which cluster many bright memories, and it is



H.S.H. PRINCE TECK.

(From a Photograph.)

worthy of note that the Princess Teck gave birth to her daughter in the same room in which the Queen was born in May, 1819. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was present at the Princess's accouchement, and we may remark as showing the estimation in which her royal highness, with her husband, is held, that during one afternoon only from four to five hundred of the nobility and gentry called personally at Kensington Palace to inquire after her health. With the exception of short autumn visits to Rumpenheim, the Duchess of Cambridge's chateau near Frankfort, the Prince and Princess Teck reside almost wholly near London. The former has become in consequence quite as one of ourselves, and

they have both done much, also, by gracious public acts, to render themselves popular. For example, early in August last year, her royal highness, accompanied by the Prince, in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, inaugurated the fine drinking-fountain in Regent's-park, the gift of Cowasjee Jehangheer Read-money, a distinguished Parsee. The arrangements for the inauguration were carried out with much skill and good taste. A dais was erected within a few feet of the fountain, and covered with a crimson cloth extending from the seat prepared for her royal highness to the steps surrounding the structure; and their royal highnesses were loudly applauded both on their arrival and departure. Then again her royal highness has always taken very genuine interest in the schools at Kew, and in the autumn of last year laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Richmond, to which the Duchess of Cambridge has just handsomely subscribed.

On Thursday last week their second child was christened in the chapel of Kensington Palace. The baptismal ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. Evan Nepean and the Rev. W. T. Bullock. The infant son of the Prince and Princess received the names of Francis Joseph Leopold Frederick. The sponsors were the Emperor of Austria (represented by his Excellency the Austrian Ambassador), Prince Leopold, Prince Frederick of Wurtemberg, the Queen of the Belgians (represented by the Princess Claudine of Teck), the Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Miss Burdett Coutts.

Here we shall make a slight break in our series of Court portraits, that we may present at once to our readers an engraving of the talented lady who, quite unknown in London but a few months ago, has taken the public completely by storm, and become the theatrical "star" of the season—Mrs. Rousby. Certainly her fine personation of the Lady Elizabeth in *Twist and Crown* is the result of no ordinary gifts, and we are unable, therefore, to resist the temptation to furnish our readers with a really trustworthy portrait without delay.



Emmy's Chignon.



It grew on the head of a Nor-mandy peasant girl. For twenty years the shining tresses lengthened under the high, stiff cap as Marie fed her cows and goats, or hummed old bal-lads at her spin-ning-wheel. Twenty-four months of frost and sunshine and vigorous labour, then the hair-mer-chant came on his round, measured

locks with his shears, and stored them away in a small bag where only the rarest shades were kept. Marie bore her shearing as meekly as one of her own sheep. Very little hair of this pale tender brown colour grew in the district, and it always fetched a good price. She was accounted a lucky girl by all the neighbours. Hair is a crop which renews itself without expense or trouble, and people said a few years more, and hers would have secured a dowry for its possessor.

"*Au revoir, ma fille,*" the hair-merchant said; "you will be ready when I come again?"

And Marie smiled. The hair travelled in the little bag to Paris, and was absorbed by one of the great shops there. Some of it was made into a magnificent tulle for a Russian princess whose locks had recently undergone a change from dark brown to the fashionable blonde. Another portion, trained into a group of lovely curls, adorned an English girl for a Court presentation. The remainder took the shape of, a chignon, and found its way to Bradbrook. There it lies at this moment on that counter, and pretty Emmy Masters is bending over it in speechless admiration.

"How exactly it is the colour of mine, isn't it, mamma?"

"Exactly," chimed in the voluble shopwoman. I never saw such a match in my life. And your hair is a very peculiar colour too, miss. It is very hard to find the shade, even in Paris."

"How much did you say it was?"

"Four guineas, ma'am."

"It's a great deal to give, Emmy," said Mrs. Masters.

"Yes, mamma," but the blue eyes still dwelt upon the coveted treasure.

Emmy was undergoing one of those struggles which overtake young ladies of stylish aspirations and modest incomes. She had been used to consider her allowance very liberal. It was something less than fifty pounds a-year, which was thought a large sum in the quiet town where she lived. Only one of her friends had as much. But somehow at Bradbrook, at this time, with Balmoral boots at a premium, and gloves growing more and more expensive, it did not go far; and, what was worse, as prices increased, so did the essentials of the toilette. People wore so many more things than they used to do in cheap days. When silks were five or six shillings a-yard they contented themselves with one dress a-year. Now that they had risen considerably, everybody needed two or three. Even quiet regions like Bradbrook felt the rising tide of extravagance. There were always city people running down for summer board, and they seemed to bring the contagion in their rustling skirts. This year the Cary girls and that pretty Miss West had all appeared in chignons—large, glossy, wonderful. And with all her heart Emmy Masters had learned to long for a similar adornment. She had worn her hair in a wavy knot about five inches in diameter heretofore, and had been a little vain of its silken softness and rare tint, a real blonde *centres*. Now it seemed the most mortifying failure, with neither style nor beauty to recommend it. "A wretched little wad," she called it, with tears in her eyes; and she resolved that, cost what it might, her first purchase in the autumn should be a chignon.

But four guineas! She had no idea it could be so much! Pensively she set counting on her fingers the things she had meant to buy. Cloak, round hat, winter dress, gloves, thick boots. Which of them all could she do without? A half-formed plan for taking German lessons she relinquished on the spot, but it did not make much difference.

"Cloak," she said, in a low tone to her mother.

"Don't you think, mamma, that by altering my old one a little I could make it answer for one more winter?"

"I thought the trouble with the old one was that it was too thin for really cold weather."

"So it is; but I was thinking, mother, that in the very coldest weather perhaps you would lend me your plaid shawl."

"Yes, Emmy; but suppose I should need it myself those days?"

"But, mamma, you know how very seldom you go out when it is really cold. Besides"—a bright thought striking her—"I'll make a santon of quilted silk to wear under the cloak. That would do, wouldn't it?"

"Well, Emmy, if you really want my opinion, I should say a new cloak would be a great deal more comfortable than such makeshifts. But I want you to do just as you like best. Only be sure, before you decide, that you won't repent giving up a thing you really need for a thing you don't, and which, as far as I can see, is no particular improvement to your looks."

"Oh, mamma! No improvement!"

Emmy had evidently made up her mind, and Mrs. Masters said no more. She was one of those wise women who understood just how far it is advisable to interfere with a grown-up child, and her influence accordingly was potent when she chose to exert it. She wanted Emmy to become strong and self-dependent; and she knew that

the most valuable lessons in life are those we learn for ourselves.

So the chignon was bought, and as the price of the cloak would have been a few shillings more, Emmy had a certain feeling that she had saved that sum, and allowed herself, with a comfortable conscience, to be tempted into the purchase of a new bird's-breast for her hat, which she didn't need in the least. The new acquisition, mounted on her head with her own pretty locks coiled about it, certainly looked very nice, and was much admired by the other girls; so, although as winter came on the old cloak proved shabbier and thinner than she had expected, she remembered *qu'il faut souffrir pour être belle*, and did not repent her bargain.

It was very inconvenient, however, to be without pocket-money. Long before the half-year came round she found herself penniless; and one day when a subscription card was presented at the door and she had nothing to give, her conscience startled her with a great prick, and the top of her head seemed suddenly to weigh a ton. But these were minor evils and soon forgotten.

Bradbrook was not so quiet a place as it looked. A stranger, passing through its shady streets with broad grass borders on either side and elms overhead, might think it a regular Sleepy Hollow, even in summer time, and how much more so when the boughs were leafless and the snow unbroken save by the narrow pathway and the wheel track. But a good deal of life went on inside those drowsy-looking houses. The girls were real English girls, and picked up all the little crumbs of accomplishment and cultivation that came in their way—took German and French lessons, subscribed for the *Cornhill* and *Tinsley's*, fashioned their dresses according to the *Lady's Own*, practised "decadomanie" and all the other arts by which pretty things can be concocted out of nothing, botanised in summer, skated in winter—in short, led no

remember one rainy day, one grey cloud. It just seemed a long dream of sunshine and happiness.

She was a warm-hearted little creature, and loved her Edward with her whole heart. And a very nice young fellow he was, and unusually clever at his business, which was insurance agency. To her he seemed a hero of the sea and water. He was so handsome; he had travelled; he was a miracle of wisdom, wit, and worth. She treasured up his profound remarks on moral subjects, and wrote some of them down in her journal. She longed to be good—a great deal better than she had ever been—so as to approximate more nearly to his standard. What a wonder and marvel it appeared that such a paragon should have come her way! Heaven directed it she was sure. Heaven was allowed to diffuse somewhat of its aroma upon happy marriages, people said, and this of hers bore the stamp of celestial manufacture unmis-takably. She grew religious in her bliss. Oh, how could she ever be grateful enough for such blessings, or do enough to show how grateful she was!

When Edward raved to her in his lovely fashion about herself, she drew away from him with a sense of unworthiness. What was worst of all, he never tired of saying how sweet he found it that she was so genuine and truthful. "My darling," he would say, "you can't think how horrid some of those city girls are. What with high heels, and tight lacing, and 'enamel,' and all the rest, you can no more trust your eyes than if you hadn't any. You don't know any more about their real looks than if you didn't see them. You can't imagine how sweet the Bradbrook girls look to a fellow who is used to that sort of thing—so fresh and natural and real. No shams, and airs, and graces about them!" And while he spoke he would draw the pretty head down on his shoulder, and there would be that guilty chignon directly under his nose, and Emmy feeling like a culprit in her heart of hearts.

She had dreadful struggles as to whether she ought not to tell him. The chignon became the one shadow on that happy summer. She still considered it such an improvement to her appearance that she could not bear to take it off. "Perhaps he would never have liked me without it," she thought; and then she seemed to herself to have won him under false pretences. In spite of its becomingness she began to hate it—but how to get rid of it without exposing the truth! It couldn't be done. Even Edward's unpractised eyes must see the difference if she returned to the "wad." And could she tell him, and have him despise her for one of those sham girls he had so reproached?

It was only now and then that these pin-pricks of trouble assailed her; but as time went on, and the wedding-day drew near, they became more importunate. She was an unsophisticated little thing, as you will believe when I tell you that she grew to feel it a disloyalty to love to marry with such a secret unconfessed. Her nature was deepening, as every true woman's does when a strong emotion takes possession of her life. To deceive even in a small thing seemed more dreadful than ever before. And the conglomerated shams of horsehair, invisible net, and shining brown threads, which most of us have learned to endure, if not to admire and embrace, began to weigh more heavily on her heart than ever it had done upon her head.

There was something too ludicrous in the nature of her perplexity to admit of a confidante; but, like the maidens of old, she finally consulted an oracle.

"Mamma, do you think it is right for people who are going to marry to keep any secrets from each other?"

"Their own secrets, or other people's, Emmy? Other people's secrets, it seems to me, should be as sacred as ever."

"Oh, their own, of course."

"Well, no, I don't—any thing important that is. It seems to me a great mistake to begin so. The fact that there is something kept back just stands between the two and hinders their growing together as they otherwise would. But why do you ask, dear? Is Edward hiding something from you?"

"Oh no, mamma." Emmy would say no more. She had her answer, and must fight her fight out by herself. The question would seem absurd to any one else—even mamma. It was a question of truth between her and Edward—truth—even if it was about a chignon.

It was only four days to the wedding. She lay in her little room that night and thought about it, and about all sorts of things. How horrid it would be to have the engagement broken off for such a reason! How it would sound when people said, "He discovered that the bride wore false hair!" and of course, how Edward would take the next train to London, and from thence return her letters and the curl she gave him with a seathing note! Her sober sense told her that not one of these dreadful things was likely to occur, but still the little goose lay and shuddered over the harrowing procession of ideas. Oh, that detestable chignon! It served her right for being so extravagant. Would that she never had seen it.

She put it on, however, in the morning when she went down to breakfast, because she did not dare do otherwise. She felt feverish and nervous, but she had taken a resolution. Edward was coming in the afternoon train, and she would brave the worst and make a clean breast of it.

So when the time came, she walked down to the station to meet him. There was the usual bustle and rush, and there he was—bright, handsome, so glad to see her waiting for him. Arm in arm they came back together over the paths already rustling with fallen leaves. The deep blue autumn sky burned through the yellowing tree-boughs. It was all so sweet and peaceful that her resolution faltered for a moment. What a shame it seemed to cloud over everything with her paltry, her ridiculous confession! But she stood firm, and as soon as they were alone in the sitting-room she began her dreadful task.

"Edward, I've got something to tell you."

"Well, darling?" putting an arm round her.

"No—don't pet me, please. It's something serious—a confession I think it right to make before we're married. Mother says—and I know that there is no true happiness in married life unless people tell the whole

stone turned to make the most of the rather thin opportunities of their lives. They had their gaieties, too—reading clubs, where Gibbon's "Rome" and Shakespeare were dispensed in homeopathic doses, with much girlish chatter to take the taste out; tea parties; even an occasional dance. And Mr. Edward Ware, of London, coming down early in the spring on business, happened to be asked to one of the latter, and introduced to our little friend Emmy.

She was by far the prettiest girl in the room, though her dress of light blue merino might have looked a little funny at a dance in the city. It was very becoming, though; and so was the blue ribbon which bound her hair—or rather, we should say, chignon—for of course she wore that indispensable piece of splendour. And whether it was that city girls, with their correct appointments, had become an old story to Master Ned, or whether the novelty of a dance, with egg-nog and home-made cake by way of refreshment, and hours in pink and blue merinos for partners, had turned his head, I cannot say; but certain it is that he fell at once under the spell of little Emmy. Her eyes were the bluest and the truest he had ever seen, he thought. Her little laugh was irresistible. He went home raving about the country and country girls. "So genuine—so fresh—none of this furbelow and nonsense about them!" He found occasion to go again and again "on business" to Bradbrook. In short, he was fairly caught in the strong toils of Cupid; and the course of true love running extremely smooth, as it generally does out of books, by the 1st of June he had asked the momentous question, had been accepted, and was an engaged man, with the wedding fixed for the last week in September.

That was a summer of enchantment! Never were seen such sunsets, such green grass, such liquid gold and opal mists; never were roses so pink, or violets so odoriferous. Looking back at it afterwards, Emmy could not

truth to each other. And, dear Edward, I haven't so far—but indeed, indeed I always will.

"I agree with you entirely, Emmy. But what can a blue violet like you have to confess?"

"Something you won't like at all, I'm afraid," fixing a solemn pair of eyes upon him. "And, Edward, remember—if it makes a difference in your feelings—if you want to break off our engagement after hearing what I have to say, you are free to do so, and I shall never complain in the least."

"Good gracious!" he cried, bewildered. "What on earth is it? Murder in the first degree, or forgery? Tell me quick, Emmy. Have you been setting somebody's barn on fire, or putting arsenic in the teapot? I never thought you equal to a great crime before. But if this turns out anything less than arson or perjury—or at the very least plagiarism—I'll never forgive you the fright you've given me."

"No Ned; none of those. It is"—half laughing, half crying—"it is—this."

"What?"

"This—my chignon. You know you hate girls who enamel and wear wasp waists and high heels, and so, perhaps, you'll hate me, now you know I've been cheating you with false hair all this time?"

Ned sank into a chair. He looked quite pale. First he gave a great roar, and then, as he saw tears in Emmy's eyes, he struggled to be sober, though every now and then an irresistible chuckle would break through. "Oh, Emmy! Emmy! You dear little goose! What a turn you have given me! And is that all?"

"All! Don't you think it's horrid!"

"Well," said Ned, turning her round gravely and taking a critical survey, "not so horrid as if it were not such a good match. I declare it's a capital match. Just a half shade of difference, to be sure; but that's nothing in hair. Very few of us get as near as that."

"But, Ned, you don't seem surprised?"

"Well, you see, dear, in spite of your being an anemone, as I've told you, I knew that even to blessed Bradbrook the fashions would penetrate; and I didn't suppose all this twitification could have grown just so. And it's name is chignon, is it? I've often seen it in the papers without knowing what to put it to. Why, even my sister Maria, dear old saint that she is, has got one."

"And you love me just the same?" said Emmy, brightening.

"Why, darling, I don't waste any particular affection on the thing, whatever it's name is; but I love you in it, just as I suppose I should in a string of hemp, if you chose to wear that. I love you in any thing, and most of all for being my own truth-telling little love, and wishing me to know the worst before I took you for life." The rest of the reassurance not being verbal, we cannot report intelligibly; but Emmy was satisfied.

They moved forward to the open window. It was a soft, balmy evening. A clear daffodil sky shone in the west, flecked here and there with purple cloudlets. Above hung the silver crescent of the moon.

"Happy the bride the sun shines on," said Edward. "We are going to have a lovely week."

And so that little ghost was laid.

I met Emmy the other day at a hairdresser's. She had on a pretty suit and stylish bonnet, and was pricing one of those new arrangements of braided loops which came into fashion last autumn. Her wild-flower face was as fresh as ever. They had been in Bradbrook all summer, she told me, and now she was busy getting her house and herself in order for winter. Yes, she thought she should get one of the new braided things. They cost a great deal, to be sure, but hers was a present from Edward. He was so particular about her dress; and really now-a-days nobody looked at all nice unless they kept up with all the new fashions in hair.

"Ah," thought I, with a smile to myself, "wonders will never cease. Who would have believed it. Here is Edward, was actually converted, and furnishing Emmy with a new chignon."

On the Rocks.



picnic, which had taken possession of "The Quintette." But what could he do? He was too weary and ill-fred to run away. Nothing better occurred to him then to doggedly resolve not to go faster, and to this determination he adhered—come what might.

Four only of "The Quintette" occupied the wagonette. Laurence, who in hand, was perched in front. He was wont to boast a little of his skill in keeping Dolly up to her work; but to-day his artistic snappings were all in vain. Mab and Amy, dividing the responsibility of the reins, came next; and behind, on the back seat, sat Hilda—alone.

This was something so out of the common order of things that all had taken notice of it in their own fashion. Laurence had attempted a trifling joke or two, received in stony silence, and now the girls were twisting their heads round every minute, on various pretexts, to study Hilda's face. It was no use. The face looked a little pale, but quite unreadable. She joined in the talk now and then—perhaps as often as usual—but her voice lacked its customary ring, and a silent conviction that matters were going wrong took possession of the party.

"There's the Doctor now," cried Laurence, suddenly, in a tone of relief.

"Where? I don't see him."

"Up that path to the right—just coming out of a gate. Where are your eyes, child?"

"Oh yes—stop, Laurence—he's coming to meet us."

Dr. Sterling emerged from the woods and approached them. A strong active figure—not very tall, but with something of a military bearing in the square shoulders and about the well-set head. Cool grey eyes, too, and a firm mouth, as of one accustomed to command.

"Doctor, won't you get in now and ride the rest of the way?"

The Doctor took one look at Hilda before answering. Her face was averted; but the profile, with its drooped eyelids and compressed lips, looked cold and unwelcoming.

"Thank you, no, Miss Amy. Dolly has a sufficient load, I think."

"I think," I heard the alert figure moved on, outstripping Dolly in a moment, and vanished round a curve. Laurence tried a fresh series of persuasions upon the luckless Dolly, but without avail, and a damp seemed to fall on the spirits of the party.

"What does it mean?" whispered little Mab. A shake of the head and a grim little moue was the only reply she got. Amy didn't know—nobody knew—what it was that, happening on the beach that morning, had made Hilda and the Doctor so unlike themselves.

Nobody ever can know but the parties most concerned the intricacies of a lovers' quarrel. It springs up, rapid as a thunder-gust, from some cause, absurdly small, perhaps—a trifle, easy to pass over in the case of an indifferent person, but possessed suddenly of momentous importance in this. The two natures, all charged with electrical perceptions; thrilling with newly-found capacities, affinities, wishes; bewildered with the new heaven and new earth upon which they have entered; groping, as in the dark, to find out the whole of each other—of themselves; the whole world tremulous with fresh mysterious meaning—what wonder if in this wonderful, half-discovered realm they sometimes come together with a clash, and that clash strikes fire! To those who stand pledged heart to heart these storms may come and pass, leaving the air freer and the sky more blue. But Hilda and her lover had not reached that stage. Little by little they had drawn close to each other. The silent, drifting chain of circumstances, which seems in this world to make us their sport—now uniting, now separating—had in this case been favourable. No contrary eddy had set in—this case being so. All this hazy fortnight they had neared each other with rapid progress. Each day, with its radiance of peace and pleasure, had woven a more assured spell over their hearts. And yet this morning a storm wind had begun, and it might go on to blow and tear asunder the two lives which seemed so nearly one.

"A trifle light as air." Yet here was the Doctor, far on his way to "The Head," chewing the end of bitter fancies, and shattering the bushes with quick, impatient cuts from his cane as he passed; and here was Hilda sulking in the back seat of the vehicle.

No; I beg Hilda's pardon. He was not sulks—her nature was too fine for that. Poor child! she felt all turned cold within—all but her heart—that ached pitifully. She was too proud to show it, however; and so her fair, clearly-cut face looked hard and set.

The road ran through thickets, now all fragrant with the flush of summer. Overhead the intense blue sky looked through the tree-tops. Innumerable birds were singing—it was a day for happiness; but dear me! how little she cared! How little any of us care about such things when we happen to be miserable!

And now the woods were passed, and they came out upon a sparkling little cove fringed with a line of creamy foam. To the right was a field of yellow grain which swept its waving tassels up the sides of a vast rocky head-

land; beyond and beyond that, encircling everything, was a ring of waveless turquoise, whose horizon line rose and met the curving dip of another sea, whose azure was flecked with clouds of gold and snow-like bright islands. The serenity, the perfection of colour, the softness of the wind which met their faces gave no token of the might that lurked within this beauty; but the deep, low thunder of the surf upon the far-away cliff spoke of the force with which, even on the calmest days, the water threw itself upon the land. What a storm might be upon "The Head" very few people had ever cared to experience.

A fisherman's hut stood at the entrance of the little cove. Children were playing about it, and in the doorway stood a tall old woman—their grandmother.

All of them knew her, and they stopped to speak. The stern face softened at the courteous greeting and the sweet young faces.

"Come in, ladies, won't you, and rest a little?" she said.

"Oh! thank you; but I think not, Mrs. Judson. We are in a hurry to get to the rocks. The surf is so fine to-day, and the tide changes in an hour or two. We're very much obliged to you, though."

At the fence the Doctor stood, with a bar down, to help them over. A spray of wild roses was in his hand. He glanced at Hilda as she passed, and handed the flowers to Mab.

"Thank you," said Mab, a little frightened; and she made haste up the hill after her familiar Kate. She had a feeling as if the roses burnt her fingers. This was little Mab's first experience of a love affair. She had watched it with intense interest—the apparent hitch grieved her not a little.

"What can we do about it, Amy?" she whispered, as they panted up the hill. "It is so forlorn and strange. Can't we do anything?"

"Nothing at all. Just act as if everything was as usual; perhaps it will all come right yet. Any way, it will get worse and worse if we take notice."

Amy sighed as she spoke. She, too, had invested a deal of tender sympathy in Hilda's romance, and she had experience enough to know the mischief small misunderstandings make. These "little rifts within the lute"—what sweet music they have silenced!

Hilda and the two young men walked side by side without speaking. What help she needed in the climb she accepted from Laurence. It was a hard scramble up the steep hill, with its gnarled tree-roots and its slippery mosses and lichens; but harder still on the other side, where the jagged granite boulders fronted the sea. Lifted and jumped, and swung from rock to rock, the girls made the descent and reached at last their bourn, a flat, broad platform just above the water. It exactly held the party, and here they had spent many a happy morning during this eventful fortnight.

Directly opposite was a low, cavernous opening in the hollow cliff. Into this each moment great emerald-green billows were pouring, sucked in with a bellowing like thunder, and then dashed forth a cataract of yeast-white foam. The sun struck the edge of each wave with sharp, dazzling glints as it poised before the plunge, and danced upon the returning torrent, changing its white into a mass of seething, turbulent rainbows. Beyond lay the sea, sleeping in calm, untroubled blue, and the islands in the bay gleamed golden in the sun.

What lovely days they had spent on that rock! Days filled with the exhilaration of the wonderful air and the half rapture, half terror which attends a thing we feel to be so infinitely greater than ourselves. Days of happy silence mostly, when now and then a scrap of song or a tinkling laugh broke the quiet, but where conversation was wont to lapse into repose as tranquil but more intense than that of sleep. Hilda and the Doctor occupied usually a rocky shelf so near the waves that they occasionally baptized it by a shower of spray. Wrapped in the same immense plaid, they would sit for hours, speaking sometimes in low tones, but more often lost in a silence no less eloquent than speech. To-day neither of them approached the familiar spot. Hilda nestled down in a remote corner by little Mab, and Dr. Sterling, absorbed in dropping bits of rock into the water, had now and then a word for Amy, but for no one else.

Something was very wrong. All felt it. No snatches of song arose. Laurence didn't venture on a single common-drum. Puzzled little Mab felt the oppressive, but she couldn't think of a word to say. The hollow roar of the waves came with a foreboding moan.

"How rough it is to-day!" said Laurence at last, frowning a pebble into the waves.

"It's just the day for Miss Archer to drop her hat again, isn't it?" said Amy.

"Who's Miss Archer?"

"Don't you know? The girl who tossed her hat into the sea one day off that rock, and dared her lover to jump in after it."

"And did he?"

"Yes. But he was obliged to swim all the way round to the cove before he could land. He would have been dashed to pieces here."

"More fool he," said Laurence. "I'd have seen the young lady hanged first."

"It's just the Knight de Lorge over again, isn't it?" put in little Mab.

"Then I hope he threw the wet hat in her face; don't you, Doctor?"

"No," said Dr. Sterling. "A gentleman wouldn't do that. But I hope from that day he saw her as she was, and desisted her."

Something in the tone brought a flush to Hilda's pale cheek. "How hard he is!" she sighed, to herself—"hard and cruel;" and the pain at her heart grew more miserable.

"I move we have lunch," said Laurence, desperate at the failure of each attempt at enlightenment. The basket was produced, the sandwiches eaten, but neither confectiory nor claret served to brighten the gloom. Little Mab nibbled her biscuit like a frightened mouse, and even Laurence cracked his eggshells in silence.

It was no use. "The Head" was not like itself that day.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

ITHOOTH, a pallid, sunless sky;
A pulseless, snow-enchanted earth;
No vestige greets my ear or eye
Of summer bloom or summer mirth.

Within, a cheery fire gleams bright;
And, poised upon its slender spray,
A speechless joy, a dumb delight,
Wakes in a rose, just born to-day—

A pulse of Summer's ecstasy
That beats amid this winter-death—
A sigh that is a prophecy
Of Summer's sweet returning breath.

Then fairer flower than Summer wears,
Perfect in all that Nature knows
Of colour, form, and nameless airs
Wherewith all beauty years and glows—

My flower!—when life's soft winds grow bleak,
God have thee in his dear control!
God keep the rose upon thy cheek!
God shield the lily of thy soul!



The foam was white, the distance blue as ever, the waves dashed and churned with the same melodious ravings—but the charm was gone. Long before the usual time they turned to go, and, for the first time, without one sigh of regret; Hilda and Amy far in advance, and Laurence and Dr. Sterling lifting Mab up the rocks.

The old grandmother stood as before in the door of her cottage. She looked more grim and stern than ever; Amy thought perhaps offended at the rejection of her morning's hospitality, and she stopped to speak.

"It's a beautiful day on the rocks."

The stern face grew sterner. "A bad thing has happened since you passed here this morning, young ladies," she said, in a harsh voice.

"What was that?"

"A little boy has been drowned."

"A little boy? Whose?"

"My son's—there, in that well."

"Good Heavens!" cried Hilda. "How long was he in the water?"

"A quarter of an hour."

"You are sure he is dead?"

"So the men say; they tried all they knew."

Kate turned. Hilda was already half across the field—her flying feet retracing the path they had so lately trod. Just as little Mab was carefully lifted down the last steep place by her two escorts she reached them—panting, breathless, her ire all gone. She rushed to Dr. Sterling as to a haven of refuge, and, grasping his arm, cried, in breathless accents:—

"Oh, Frank! Hurry! hurry! You may be in time—"

"Hilda! Hilda! What is it?"

"The well! One of the children! Oh, hurry! hurry! Don't wait!"

The quick professional instinct awoke. Without another word he was gone. The others, following rapidly, saw him clear the fence at a bound, and disappear into the cottage before they were half across the field.

Amy was on her knees by the bedside where the child lay. A fair, pretty fellow, three years old. She had taken off his dripping clothes and wrapped him in a blanket; the drip still hung heavily on his hair. What had been done to reanimate him could not be guessed—the fire was out; and in a corner of the kitchen sat the mother helplessly sobbing, while the other children clung about her knees.

Busily and helpfully Mab and Amy went to work lighting the fire, warming blankets, heating water, and quieting the frightened children. Hilda, usually so active, seemed frozen to her place. With tightly-clasped hands she stood by the bedside motionless and silent, watching Laurence and the Doctor busied over the poor baby, who lay with his little head hanging helplessly on one side like a snapped flower. With tender touch they were lifting him, first into one position, then another, at regular intervals; and endeavouring by other movements to inflate the lungs. The old grandmother stood in the door, her rigid face and attitude full of hopeless misery. "It's no use, no use," she said, low to herself, more than once. Noiselessly the girls would creep upstairs with freshly-warmed blankets or bottles of hot water; and Laurence, meeting them, would express by a shake of the head his own waning hopes. As time went on the shakes grew sadder and sadder. But Hilda never moved; and her eyes, steadfastly fixed on the Doctor, were full of a new meaning.

It seemed to her that she had never truly seen him before. Perhaps she never had. The grey eyes were no longer cool, they were warmed into tenderness by the compassion that filled them. The firm mouth quivered a little as the dextrous hands pursued their task, the face was very pale; but it wore a sweetness never there before. Hilda's own lips trembled with a tearful smile as she watched him. Her eyes closed. In the depths of her heart she breathed a silent thanksgiving. "He is not cold, he is not cruel; wretch that I was to think so. Oh, Frank, my Frank; thank God, you are my Frank." All was vain. The limbs hung lifeless, the eyes did not open, life and breath would not return. At last the Doctor paused. Gently he pressed down the blue-veined lids and composed the little form quietly upon its pillow. The old grandmother turned abruptly and descended the stairs. A burst of sobs arose in the kitchen. Laurence hurried down, and Hilda and Frank found themselves alone.

He breathed a long, tired sigh. Perhaps nothing could have touched her so deeply as this unusual weariness. He was always so strong. Gently she moved forward and stood beside him. He turned, their eyes met; and in a "flash of silence" all was told and comprehended.

"My darling," he said. That was all. He clasped her hand. She put her head down on his shoulder. It had never rested there before, but never nest felt more home-like to a tired bird. Hand in hand they stood, and without another word all was right between them. By the side of the dead child they entered into their new life.

Out of the blue and sparkle of the day—in the midst of their restlessness, eager discontent—this piteous spectacle confronted them. Death has irresistible eloquence. They saw the truth—their love—their danger—and rebuked and softened, they thanked God. There was no need of further explanations.

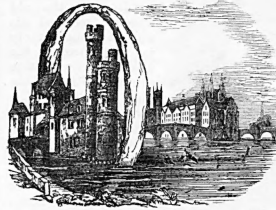
It was a sober party enough which at last took the familiar road through the woods. Little was spoken. Mab and Amy had red circles about their eyes, but for all that they contrived to notice the clasped hands on the back seat, and the new and peaceful look which rested like a glory on their Hilda's face, and they felt that all was well.

And it was well. The vow breathed silently that morning in the fisherman's cottage has been fulfilled, and still the sweet story is going on. They are happy—I don't mean perfectly happy—very few of us manage to be that. Patients don't always pay or plans succeed. The trifles which make up the sum of life go awry sometimes. Care and disappointment belong to all; but they love one another, and face good and ill together. For men or for women few things can be hoped for better than that. Many strive to attain thereto, and never enter in. In my own dreams I picture no happier fate—do you?

Essays and Sketches.

THE SHRIEKING SISTERHOOD.

(Abridged from the *Saturday Review*.)



NE of our quarrels with the Advanced Women of our generation is the hysterical parade they make about their wants and their intentions. It never seems to occur to them that the best means of getting what they want is to take it, when not forbidden by the law—to act, not to talk; that all this running hither and thither over the face of the earth, and feverish unrest, and loud acclamations but the dilution of purpose through much speaking, and not the right way at all; and that to hold their tongues and do would advance them by as many leagues as babble puts them back. A small knot of women, "terribly in earnest," could move multitudes by the silent force of example. One woman alone, quietly taking her life in her own hands, and working out the great problem of self-help and independence practically, not merely stating it theoretically, is worth a score of shrieking sisters frantically calling on men and gods to see them make an effort to stand upright without support, with interludes of reproach to men for the want of help in their attempt. The silent woman who quietly calculates her chances and measures her powers with her difficulties so as to avoid the probability of a *fiasco*, and who therefore achieves a success according to her endeavour, does more for the real emancipation of her sex than any amount of pamphleteering, lecturing, or petitioning by the shrieking sisterhood can do. Hers is deed not declamation, proof not theory, and it carries with it the respect always accorded to success.

And really if we think of it dispassionately, and carefully dissect the great mosaic of hindrances which women say makes up the pavement of their lives, there is very little which they may not do if they like—and can. They have already succeeded to a great extent in opening to themselves the practice of medicine, for one thing, and this is an immense opening if they know how to use it. A few pioneers, unhelped for the most part, steadily, and without shrieking, stormed the barricades of the hospitals and dissecting-rooms, heroically bearing the shower of hard-mouthed missiles with which they were pelted, and successfully forcing their way notwithstanding. But the most successful of them are those who held on with least excitement, and who strove more than they declaimed; while others, by constitution belonging to the shrieking sisterhood, have comparatively failed, and have mainly succeeded in making themselves ridiculous. After some pressure, but very little cackle—for here too the work was wanted, the desire real, and the workers in earnest—female colleges on a liberal and extended system of education have been established, and young women have now an opportunity of showing what they can do in brain work. It is no longer by the niggardliness of men and the fault of an imperfect system if they prove intellectually inferior to the stronger sex; they have their dynamometer set up for them, and all they have to do is to register their relative strength, and abide the issue. All commerce, outside the Stock Exchange, is open to them equally with men; and there is nothing to prevent their becoming merchants, as they are now petty traders, or setting up as bill-brokers, commission agents, or even bankers; which last profession, according to a contemporary, they have actually adopted in New York, some ladies there having established a bank, which, so far as they have yet gone, they are said to conduct with deftness and ready arithmetic. In literature they have competitors in men, but no monopolists.

Of the representative "working women" in England, we find some who have shrieked on platforms or made a hysterical parade of their work. Quietly, and with the dignity which comes by self-respect and the consciousness of strength, they have done what it was in their hearts to do, leaving the world to find out the value of their labours, and to applaud or deride their independence. Mrs. Somerville asked no man's leave to study science and make herself a distinguished name as the result, nor did she find the need of any more special organisation than what the best books, a free press, and first-rate available teaching offered. Miss Martineau dived with more or less success into the forbidding depths of the "dismal science," at a time when political economy was shirked by men, and considered as essentially unfeminine as top-boots and tobacco; and she was confessedly an advanced Liberal when to be a high Tory was part of the whole duty of woman. Miss Nightingale undertook the care of wounded soldiers without any more publicity than was absolutely necessary for the organisation of her staff, and with not so much as one shriek. Rosa Bonheur laughed at those who told her the animal painting was unwomanly, and that she had better restrict herself to flowers and heads, as became the *jeune demoiselle* of conventional life; but she did not publish her programme of independence, nor take the world into her confidence, and tell them of her difficulties and defiance. The Lady Superintendents of our own various sisterhoods have organised their communities and performed their works of charity with very faint blare of trumpets indeed; and we might enumerate many more who have quietly lived the life of action and independence, of which others have only raved, and who have done while their sisters shrieked. These are the women to be respected, whether we sympathise with their line of action or not, having shown themselves to be true workers, capable of sustained effort, and therefore worthy of the honour which belongs to strength and endurance.

While the shrieking sisterhood remain to the front, the world will stop its ears, and for every hysterical advocate "the cause" loses a rational adherent and gains a disgusted opponent. It is our very desire to see women happy, noble, fitly employed, and well remunerated for such work as they can do, which makes us so indignant for the foolish among them who obscure the question they pretend to elucidate, and put back the cause which they say they advance. The earnest and practical workers among women are a very different class from the shriekers; but we wish the world could dissociate them more clearly than it does at present, and discriminate between them, both in its censure and its praise.

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

THROUGH the windows many-tinted crept the fitful morning light, wreathing round the white-haired bridegroom, and the bride arrayed in white.

Standing still before the altar, while the priest, with reverent air, Unto each proclaimed his "Wilt thou?" over both pronounced his prayer.

Faltered somewhat in the saying that low "Yes" that bound her life, Fettered fast to his beside her, chained her there, his wedded wife.

From the fair cathedral windows, ere the solemn rite was done, Faded was the royal beauty of the treacherous April sun.

As though only shade and darkness cared upon the scene to gaze, While the devil's work was doing, in the courts of sacred praise.

Love? Why, once the maiden fancied one had loved her passing well. Love? This was old man, her husband, viewed it as a bagatelle.

He, with all the world behind him, sated with its vice and sin— She, a novice on the threshold, angel-kept from entering in.

She, with only sweet girl memories written on her flowerlike face, He, with years of mammon-service, searing every inner grace.

He, whose very dreams affrighted, shuddered at his youth's desert; She, whose lily hand back reaching, clasped her childhood's fleeing skirt!

Marry these! Wed truth and falsehood! Bind the living And the dead! Tie the white dove to the vulture, with a prayer above them said!

Where, O parents, was your tender love that uttered no protest; When like some poor slave you sold her, sweetest birdling in your nest?

How you'll listen for her singing when her voice of song is fled! How you'll miss her ringing laughter, when her soul of mirth is dead!

She will be a stately lady—gems will deck that lily hand— Will she be a happy woman? Nay! not all her splendour grand.

Can shut out one thought of heart-break—can keep out one youthful face, Haunting with its loving memory every year and every place.



A BAD CUP OF TEA.—Dr. Letheby has stated in consequence of information he had received he visited the bonded tea warehouses in Cooper's-row, Crutched-friars, and at Nicholson's Wharf, Lower Thames-street, and obtained samples of a quantity of tea stored there, which was described as "fine Morning Congou," from Shanghai, but which on analysis he found to consist of the re-dried leaves of exhausted tea. The leaves were for the most part quite rotten from putrefactive decomposition, and did not contain more than a trace of the active principle of tea. The odour of them was very offensive, and when infused in boiling water they produced a nauseous, unwholesome liquid. Dr. Letheby said he had been informed that many thousands of pounds of the article had been imported to this country, and that it would be used for the adulteration of genuine tea. It was, in his opinion, quite unfit for human consumption, and he recommended that the matter should be placed in the hands of the solicitor, with the view of stopping the further sale of the article in the City.

Curiosities of "Press" Errors.

DEDICATED TO LADIES WHO WRITE.

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.



Grimm in his "Memoirs," mentions the circumstance of a French writer having died in a fit of anger in consequence of a favourite work, which he had himself revised with great care, having been printed with upwards of three hundred errors, half of them having been made by the corrector of the press.

A slight mistake frequently changes the whole effect of an article, or, as in a case recorded in "The Ways and Words of Men of Letters," may utterly ruin a writer. Alluding to *faux pas* of the press, Pycroft relates a conversation which he held with a printer. "Really," said the reader, "gentlemen should not place such confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs, for I am ashamed to say that I've utterly ruined one poet through a ludicrous misprint." "Indeed, and what was the unhappy line?" "Why, Sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire'; instead of which we made him say, 'See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.' Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the unfortunate author was never heard of more in the field of literature."

Another writer was extinguished in the following manner: A lad in a printing office came upon the name of Heate, occurring in a line like this: "The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the foreman of the office and inquired eagerly if there was an *e* in cat. "Why no, you blockhead!" was the reply. Away went the juvenile type-setter to the press-room and extracted the superfluous letter. But fancy the horror of poet and publisher when the poem appeared with the line: "Shall reign the He cat of the deepest hell." These poor gentlemen would have joined most heartily in the sentiments contained in the following quatrain from the pen of a young lady who had been similarly crucified in her first published poem, and thus gave vent to her indignation:—

"I wish I had that editor about half a minute:
I'd bang him to his heart's content, and with an *h* begin it;
I'd jaw his body, eyes, and bones, and spell it with an *e*,
And send him to that *hill* of his: he spells it with an *e*."

A distinguished soldier of the late American war, who is now the governor of a Western State, was announced among a list of speakers who were to address a meeting on a certain occasion at Chicago as a "battle-seared general." If the careless compositor had added another *r* to the italicised word it would have been nearer the truth, and also what the editor wrote. The same paper, by a singular coincidence, contained another equally ridiculous *erratum*. Said the writer: "There is great dissatisfaction among the loyal masses with the President's policy." Now, who would have thought that the execrably-bad grammar of the above sentence could have been made worse by the omission of a little consonant just after the word *loyal*?—thus placing the luckless author among the "asses" when he had written himself down something else.

Another instance, showing the importance of a single letter, is that of an advertisement that appeared in a New York paper in May, 1869, headed "Internal remedy." It was very possibly quite true, but of course the compounder of the quack mixture meant to have said "Internal remedy."

A long list of such blunders might be enumerated, but we shall content ourselves with the following: A grocer advertises an invoice of boxes of *pigs* from Smyrna; at an inquest held the other day on the body of a glutton who died in devouring a part of a turkey, the verdict "sufoecation" was printed, with more truth than was intended, *sufoecation*; and to conclude an illustration, an editor recently apologised for an error of the preceding day which made him refer with pleasure to the "overflowing soakers" of Major Eccleston's hospitable board; "overflowing beakers" was, of course, what he wrote.

As examples of errors clearly due to bad writing, we may mention that an announcement in a British Government blue-book, stating that the "troops had marched across Belbec and drawn up in front of north ports," declared in its first shape that the troops "had marched across the Baltic and drawn up in front of the North Foreland." A quotation of a rather racy kind being ascribed to Saint Lucius, the printer's reader, doubting its saintly origin, and knowing no saint of that name, was induced to make researches, which resulted in the discovery that the words belonged to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, one of the bright stars in Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals*. An *erratum* of a very similar character occurs in Allison's "Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart." In describing the great public funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the historian is made to say that "the pall was borne by the Marquis of Anglesea, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Gough, Lord Combermere, and Sir Perigrine Pickle." The association between Smollett's novel, was evidently too strong for either compositor or reader to be struck by this strange anti-climax: Sir Perigrine Maitland was the name intended.

The editor of a well-known religious journal, in refer-

ence to an individual, took occasion to write that he was *rectus in ecclesia*—that is, in good standing in the Church. The type-setter, to whom this was a dead language, in the editor's absence converted it into *rectus in culina*, which, although pretty good Latin, alters in some degree the sense, as it accorded to the reverend gentleman spoken of only a good standing in the kitchen.

Incorrect punctuation is also a prolific source of *faux pas* of the press. When Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport wrote his famous book entitled "A Pike for the Knowing Ones," there happened to be many heresies, schisms, and false teachings abroad in the land regarding punctuation, and as many diverse systems appeared for the location of commas, semicolons, periods, dashes, &c., as there were works published. To obviate the difficulty, and give every one an opportunity of suiting himself, his lordship left out all marks of punctuation from the body of his work, and at the end of the volume had printed five pages of nothing but pauses and stops, with which he said the reader could pepper and salt his literary dish as he chose!

The following sentence from a recently-published sensation novel shows the great importance of correct punctuation: "He enters on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare he sat down." A second instance occurred in an account of a Delmonico dinner. At the banquet this toast was given: "Woman—Without her man, is a brute." Another case is that of a New York editor who thus introduced some verses: "The poem published this week was composed by an esteemed friend who has lain in his grave for many years for his own amusement." Still another ludicrous mistake was that made by the clergyman of a parish, to whom the wife of a person about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note expressing the following: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of this congregation." Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in spelling or punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision, and he accordingly read the note, "A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of this congregation." This mistake is nearly as bad as that of an Irish journal: "For 'his Grace the Duchess of Devonshire was safely delivered,' read 'her Grace the Duke of Devonshire.'"

The late Peter Hastie, of New York, discovered above one thousand errors of spelling, syntax, and punctuation in a so-called immaculate English edition of the Bible, and one-tenth that number of *errata* on two pages of a popular unabridged American dictionary. The only books that are believed to be perfect—i.e., entirely free from typographical errors—are an Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipzig Horace, and an American reprint of Dante. The University of Oxford had a standing offer of a guinea for each and every error that might be found in their edition of the Holy Bible referred to above. For very many years no one claimed the reward, until recently an *erratum* was discovered by a lynx-eyed reader, the reward duly paid, the error corrected, and the edition is now confidently believed to be without a typographical blemish of any description.

"GIVE ME A PIN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU A SHOW."



"GIVE me a pin, and I'll show you a show!"
My little boy shouts, as he climbs my knee;
And he holds up his toy with childish joy:
"Peep through the hole and see what you'll see!"

He fancies I'm tranced with the wheeling stars
And the shifting crosses of green and gold;
But my heart looks out through the years that are gone,
And these are the pictures it sees unrolled:

A bright lad reading a pictured page

To a fair young girl, who is kneeling there—

"And when I am king you shall wear my ring,

And weave me a scarf of your waving hair!"

A bride half turned at her bridal door,

All her sweet face lit by the taper's glow

That one white hand holds, while the other enfolds

His neck, as she murmurs, "I love you so!"

A warrior armed for the morrow's field:

To his breast is clinging a weeping wife;

And she sobs, "If you fall, I will lose my all,

But, dearest, your honour is more than life."

A mother, hushing her restless babe,

Suddenly ceases the cradle-song,

And the wan lips cry, "If he come not, I die,

For my heart is faint with watching so long!"

Ah! never those lips will greet him again:

Cold, cold is that heart as the wintry sleet.

Though her lord spurs fast through the rising blast,

Too late! too late! Nevermore shall they meet.

"Give me a pin, and I'll show you a show!"

My darling! henceforward through life, to me,

The bravest shows that the wide world knows

Are not worth the weight of your childish love.

J. D. BRUNS.

Mr. Hopworth Dixon's new work, entitled "Free Russia," contains the history of the journeys of that gentleman from the Polar Sea to the Ural Mountains, and from the mouth of the Vistula to the Straits of Yenikale, including visits to the four holy shrines of Solovetski, Peshker, St. George, and Troitsa.

Messrs. Montague, James, and Thorne, the lessees of the Vandeville Theatre, have engaged Mr. Conway Edwards to write the opening burlesque for their new house. The principal characters will be supported by Mr. George Honey, Mr. Thomas Thorne, Miss Nelly Power, Miss Kathleen Irwin, Miss Louisa Claire, and Miss Amy Fawcett. The opening farce, in which Mr. T. Thorne will appear, will be written by Mr. F. Hay.

Theatres and Amusements.

DRURY-LANE.—Phobus's Fix—(At Eight) Peep-o'-Day. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—Popping the Question (At Twenty minutes to Eight) Our American Cousin.—Deaf as a Post. Seven.
PRINCESS.—Your Life's in Danger—Paul Lafarge—A Dark Night's Work. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Blow for Blow—(At Nine) Not such a Fool as He Looks. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Chilperic. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Little Emily—(At Half-past Nine) The Princess. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—(At a Quarter past Nine) La Belle Sauvage—An Unhappy Seven.
STRAND.—Ino—A New Comedietta. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Love's Doctor—(At Nine) Black-eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Match—(At Eight) Susan—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick Match—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Twist Axe and the Golden Eggs. Seven.
GLOBE.—Whitebait at Greenwich—(At Eight) Philomel—The Goos with the Golden Eggs. Seven.
Gaiety.—The Happy Village—(At a Quarter to Eight) The First Night—(At Nine) Uncle Dick's Darling. Seven.
CHARING-CROSS.—To Oblige Benson—Not so Bad After All—Ision. Seven.
ARLEY'S.—A Popular Play, &c. Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—Futurism—And other Entertainments. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—Holborn—Scenes in the Arena, commencing at Half-past Seven. Morning Performances Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every Evening at Eight. Wednesdays and Saturdays, Three and Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Mr. W. S. Woodin at Home. Every Evening (except Saturdays) at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TESSARD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MARCH 20. SUNDAY.—Third Sunday in Lent.
" 21. Monday.—Spring quarter begins.
" 22. Tuesday.—Twilight ends 8.10 p.m.
" 23. Wednesday.—Sun sets, 6.16 p.m.
" 24. Thursday.—Last quarter moon, 4.57 a.m.
" 25. Friday.—Lady-day.
" 26. Saturday.—Sun rises 5.51 a.m.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co., 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., and may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to him at 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C., where letters relating to the business of the Paper should also be sent.

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Mr. KINNEIR, 95, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

* * We have in preparation, in addition to the continuation of the Court Series, a fine portrait of Mrs. Rousby, the talented actress, as Lady Elizabeth in "Twist Axe and Crown," has elicited so much praise.

ELISE.—To make a short suit of your full skirt black silk dress, make a short gored skirt and short basque, or else a plain waist and a short loose paletot slashed under the arms and in the middle of the back. Long flowing sleeves. Trim with flat bands of the silk cut bias and piped with satin. Wear chainette braid, and plait your own hair around it.
EVELINE.—As early as the days of the Anglo-Saxons, the bride was led to church by a matron, who was called the bride's woman, followed by a bevy of young maidens styled the bride's maids. At a latter date it was the bridemaids who led the bridegroom to church, while the bride was conducted thither by the bridegroom's men. These were originally called the bride knights. Those who led the bride to church were always bachelors; but she was escorted home by two married men, preceded by a third, bearing a vessel of silver or gold. To all, both bachelors and married men, she gave gloves for the service.

X.Y.Z.—The Jericho Rose or Glastonbury thorn is reputed on Christmas morning blossoms at noon, &c. &c. blossom afresh. According to the legend, the hawthorn-staff which St. Joseph carried when sitting down to rest on Wearybury, on his way to that place. Thence, into two trees, the size of a man. Some miraculously on Christmas Nativity. When Pope Gregory the Jericho Rose refused to a continued to bloom on what was it evidently regarded as the of the trees was cut down other was destroyed by the I. But are the destruction gardens thereabouts had I and many shoots from the in the neighbourhood. Rose, if steeped in water its possessor, provided he as to the events of the cc
CONSTANT READER.—Over- shows are much worn v. to a belt at the top and b loop the side with a clasp Violet powder is most use
ALBERTUS MAGNUS.—Shro fessing sins, as the Saxo fession. This season purpose in preparation preceding Ash-Weir and a season of dish appropriate Collop or Shro Knowledge, day, whose green; he shall it moon; and after

wind blow on the night of Shrove-Tuesday, it betokeneth, say occult authorities, death among them that are learned, and that much fish shall die the following summer !
LIZZIE G.—For your little boy's dress make the front Gabrielle, and pleat the back to the waist. Trim with wide white braid.

Our Exchange.

[For regulations, &c., see our Number for Jan. 8.]

AUTOGRAPHS, scarce stamps (fiscal and postage), franks, eccentrics, seal impressions, and curiosities wanted. Choice of things offered in exchange. Lists exchanged.—**LE COTTE PEN.**

WANTED a pretty single perambulator, in good order, with hood, &c., complete. State what would be taken in exchange.—**MARCUS WILDS.**

I WANT some good bright feathers—pheasants', birds of paradise, &c.—for hats. Can give patterns and wool-work designs in exchange.—**FLOSS STICK.**

WANTED a pretty brass or iron crib for a child, a bassinette, and a gas stove for warming greenhouse; also a garden roller. Would make offers for any or all of these.—**ROSE.**

I HAVE a very large quantity of modern music, as good as new, which I should like to exchange for good books. Will send list to any one likely to make an exchange.—**PETER SPY.**

WHAT will any one give me for a complete set of the first page of the LADY'S OWN PAPER, from No. 1 to the last number?—**OLD CLO.**



SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

IN another place we give full details of the first Drawing-room of the season, and it will doubtless appear not without significance that the first Drawing-room last year, which was held at a similarly early period, was attended by nearly double the number of general company, while there were over twice the number of presentations. It has been, perhaps, found too early in the season for the requirements of the fashionable world, and for comfort and health. It is therefore not at all improbable that the lack of attendance but evidenced the desire of the Court circle, and will be met with a gracious consideration next year. This we may say, however, the costumes exhibited all desirable beauty and freshness, which were the more necessary as they were to appear in the frequent isolation and separation which was caused by the absence of an extensive attendance at the Drawing-room; and it required, indeed, a fastidious taste to distinguish excellence surpassing among excellence everywhere, or discover a predominating point for criticism. Yet, if there is such a one, it would be this: that it is a fair question for ladies' discussion if the universal adoption of tulle veils and tulle lappets does not, when such an assemblage as this is met together, give a sameness, and a flatness, an insipidity of effect—if we may use the latter terms—which seem to convey best to our mind the notion of a want of lightness and buoyancy, though the material is assuredly light and delicate enough; yet it is thin, lacks quality, and is apt to look limp. Of course this was only noticeable when the company were together, for in each individual case the head-dresses seemed exceedingly elegant and becoming, and to accord with feathers and light flowers. Lappets were worn the effect was, on the other hand, by no means thin. It was noticed that the debutantes this year looked remarkably in comparison with other seasons, and have been from isolation, and beauty have gone on their way and loyalty to the Sovereign of England; and there was every privilege of compliment—any that this Drawing-room. The Duchess of Marlborough, and her extremely beautiful, and her dresses of Lady and Churchill, and Lady were much admired, and some splendid pearls, &c. Among the costumes also those of the Marchioness of Gordon Lennox, Miss Van de Weyer, and amongst the young ladies Wentworth shone in exquisite lovely notes of daisies. Admiration also Boyle, Lady Wey, Mrs. on. Mrs.

More "agency" squabbles! It is high time, alike for the benefit of employers and employed, that a radical change took place; an entire sweeping away of the majority of "governesses" and "domestic servants" agencies is imperatively demanded—they are in most cases mere traps for the catching and fleecing of the unwary. Here is the latest working of an agency made public, but as it is yet before the court we shall simply state the particulars as reported, and allow our readers to draw their own inferences. At Bow-street, on Friday, last week, Mr. Charles Ricketts, an army surgeon on half-pay, and his sister, Miss Mary Ricketts, were charged with obtaining money under false pretences and conspiring together to defraud. The solicitor for the prosecution stated that, attracted by advertisements in the papers of "Miss Maud Hamilton's Governesses' and Servants' Agency," many young women, with small capital, had been induced by promises of situations with a salary of 80*l.* a-year to pay a premium of about 40*l.* Branches of the establishment, they were told, were about to be started, and it was the management of these places the young women were supposed to superintend. On taking up their appointment, the young women soon found that there was no business to attend to, and the only visitors who appeared to call were "duns." Distresses were put into the "branches" for rent. The chief office was in Beaufort-buildings, Strand, and this was reported to be in a flourishing condition, producing 1*l.* a-day. "Miss Maud Hamilton" was Miss Ricketts, and the monetary part of the business was conducted by her brother. The present proceedings were taken at the instance of Mrs. Green, of Park-place, Regent's-park, who said that she had undertaken the superintendence of the "Norfolk-terrace Branch, Bayswater," and had paid a premium. She had also paid part of the rent by pawning her own watch, as no money was forthcoming from the defendants. Distresses were put in for rent both at that place and another to which the "branch" had been removed. At the request of the defendants' solicitor the case was adjourned.

A Paris correspondent supplies the following news for the ladies. At a recent sitting of the Academy of Science the learned M. Fiel exhibited several specimens of the new artificial "precious" stones invented by Liebig's nephew. They are composed of mixtures of oxides of copper or of iron with ether, or of compounds of brimstone and ether. M. Fiel exhibited his false rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes side by side with the stones they imitate. If the eye can detect a difference it is to the advantage of the former. Several artificers had been convoked by the savants who have taken the new paste under their protection. They admitted that in point of beauty the imitation stones come up to the real. But they also thought that the production of the German chemist's crucible are wanting in hardness. Hereupon a discussion—Was not softness a desideratum? The harder the jewel the harder to work it. The specialists consulted admitted this proposition, but some of them thought that precious stones, in which the fortunes of large houses are invested, in consequence of the new invention, will become unfashionable. This is very bad news for ladies who have sunk large sums in what lawyers call paraphernalias, for, as our specialists argue, the value of rubies, topazes, sapphires, and emeralds is arbitrary. They are not so much valued for their intrinsic beauty as for their rarity, or, in other words, for the use they can be turned to in advertising the wealth of their possessors. What an admission! Jules Favre well said the other day, "Who shall bring us back to the Greeks?" with whom certainly such a consideration would have had but little weight. We may well hope that true art will profit by this threatened depreciation of precious stones.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* recommends the London chapter at the commencement of the season to study the thirteenth detailed Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Scotland, which has lately been issued. She will find, says our contemporary, by some observations made by Mr. Stark that it is of no use to carry her interest in her young charges beyond a certain point. It is her duty, and doubtless her pleasure, to give them every opportunity for enjoying themselves; but vain are those attempts to indulge in matrimonial speculations which so often end in disappointment. These things are all settled for us happily, and if this fact were generally known the chaperon would be spared much anxiety as to the future of the innocent young things who gambol round her in the British ballroom. "Every event," says Mr. Stark, "in vital statistics, like the phenomena of nature around us, seems to be under fixed laws." Thus, not only is the proportion of marriages very much the same from year to year, but the very constituent parts of these marriages are nearly identical. Thus it will be seen that even the proportion of men and women at different ages who contract marriages is nearly identical year after year. Thus, of the women who married during the twelve years 1855-1866, 12.65 per cent.

were under 20 years of age; 45.87 per cent. were from 20 to 25 years; 24.03 per cent. were from 25 to 30 years; 8.69 per cent. were from 30 to 35 years; and 4.43 per cent. were from 35 to 40 years. The proportions for the year 1867 were nearly the same. Thus of the women who married during that year, 11.82 per cent. were under 20 years of age; 45.63 per cent. were between 20 and 25 years; 24.70 per cent. were between 25 and 30 years; 8.72 per cent. were from 30 to 35 years; and 4.55 per cent. were from 35 to 40 years. Of these 22,618 marriages, the conjugal or civil condition of the parties previous to their marriage was ascertained in 22,409 cases. Of these 22,409 marriages, 19,067 were between bachelors and spinsters; 578 were between bachelors and widows; 2,075 were between widowers and spinsters; and 689 between widowers and widows. These numbers indicate proportions which closely correspond with those of former years.

New Books.

Poems. By the Late WILLIAM LEIGHTON. (Longmans.) This is a small posthumous volume of poems by a writer whose name is already familiar to our readers as that of the author of "Lovely in Death," "Awake," "Baby Died To-day," "Love's Despair," and other graceful verses that have appeared from time to time in our columns, and these are all included in this collection. The nephew of Mr. Robert Leighton, whose poems have been well received both in this country and in America, and whose death followed his by only a few days, he early courted the Muses, the majority of the pieces in the present volume having been composed before he had completed his twenty-third year. He was engaged in preparing them for the press when he succumbed to a severe attack of typhoid-fever, and after an illness which lasted only ten days, passed to the broader life of which he sang so sweetly, on the 22nd of last April, at the early age of twenty-eight. The work of seeing the volume through the press had therefore to be carried on by other and friendly hands, and of the collection thus offered to the public it is not necessary for us to speak at any length, the specimens with which our readers are acquainted will be its best recommendation. Unequal though they are in merit, many of the poems, and especially the later ones, exhibit the growth of a faculty that would, we doubt not, have enabled the author to produce far more finished work, life being spared. In some of the earlier pieces, as "The River of Life" and "An Old Man's Love Song," he evidently owes the inspiration to an appreciative study of Tennyson; but later on, as he gains confidence and learns more fully to walk alone, his verses have a ring all their own. Here is a not unfavourable sample:—

THE CUCKOO.

I heard the cuckoo at the evening's close
Trill its low calls from out a bower of blossom,
And, at the sound, a thrill of joy arose
And trembled through my bosom.

A sudden rapture lived in every vein;
My heart leaped up to greet the glad new comer;
And dreams of childhood danced about my brain
In whispers of the summer!

Could I translate that thrill of joy to men—
To weary struggling souls could I but show it
In sweetness and in tenderness—ah, then
I might be deemed a poet!

Or this:—

DREAMS.

In dreams we live a strange and mystic life—
We know not what is false and what is real;
Truth and untruth meet in perpetual strife,
And all things are ideal.

A something-nothing state of nothingness,
Where facts and fancies whirl in wild confusion;
Where sober life flaunts a fantastic dress
Of mystical illusion!

And yet in dreams we think we move and live,
All things seem actual and of order truly;
What surety can our waking moments give
That then we live more truly?

I have a fancy that life's fitful gleam,
Where hopes are baffled and where hearts are breaking,
Is nothing but an unsubstantial dream,
And death will be the waking!

The following also has some tender lines that will find an echo in many a heart:—

THE LEAF OF WOODRUFF.

I found a leaf of woodruff in a book,
Gone was its scent, and lost its pristine glory;
Each slender bladelet wore a dingy look,
And all was blanched and hoary.

And yet this withered leaf a spell possessed,
Which worked upon me in mysterious measure,
And sent old memories thronging through my breast
Of mingled pain and pleasure.

Of childhood's days that knew no thought of care:
Of hours that passed on wings of rainbow fleetness;
Of odours floating on the wanton air,
Sad from their very sweetness;

Of woods that wore a garb of summer green;
Of knee-deep ferns, and nooks of shady stillness;
Of streams that glimmered in the full moon's sheen
And mirrored back its fulness;

Of lazy baskings on the lone hill-side
In the fierce glow of July's sultry weather;
Of twilight wanderings where the enamoured tide
Crept up to kiss the heather;

Of voices still beneath the churchyard sod;
Bright eyes that glistened from behind long lashes;
Warm beauty early given back to God;
Red lips that now are ashes!

And many other memories, gay and grave,
The woodruff brought in life-like guise before me;
Until I marvelled how a leaf could have
Such magic influence o'er me.

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been
Experienced by the spirit is immortal;
Each hope, and joy, and grief is hid within
The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of a moonlight hour,
A strain of haunting music sweet and olden,
A dream, a bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower,
A sunset rich and golden,

Can fling that portal open; and beyond
Appears the record of each earlier feeling;—
All hopes, all joys, all fears, all misings fond,
In infinite revealing.

Till all the present passes from the sight—
Its cares and woes that make us weary-hearted,
And leaves us basking in the holy light
Of golden days departed.

In a word, Mr. Leighton's musings, if they do not entitle him to a place amongst the nobler singers that thrill our hearts and sway our deepest emotions by their power of thought and wealth of imagery, will yet be gladly welcomed far beyond the immediate circle of his friends. The unpretentious volume is one to be taken up at spare moments, in the intervals of more serious reading, in the quiet gloaming, by the evening fireside, and, as the author gently slips his hand in ours, we shall, mayhap, thank him for the friendly pressure, and feel that we have not made his acquaintance in vain.

Mrs. Loudon's First Book of Botany. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By DAVID WOOSTER. (Bell and Daldy.)

Of the success achieved by the late Mrs. Loudon as a writer on botany, as well as horticulture and floriculture, it would be a work of supererogation to remind our readers. It was she who first stimulated, by her graphic sketches, the taste for garden-work amongst ladies, and to her, also, science is largely indebted. The book now before us is intended more particularly for schools and young persons, and has already enjoyed a very fair sale. The instructions are terse, lucid, and to the point; the illustrations are both numerous and excellent, and the present editor has brought the information now to the time of going to press.

SERIALS OF THE MONTH.

The *Britannia* (199, Strand) has a charming tinted frontispiece illustration, and "By the Sea," also, is not at all bad, though its colouring can scarcely be called pleasing. Of the articles, that entitled "Literati and Literatuli" will repay special attention; while Mr. Burnand's "Commentaries of Major Blake" allow good scope for the peculiar gifts of the talented author.

The story-telling of *Tinsley's* (18, Catherine-street) is still principally in the hands of the ladies, the two leading tales, "George Canterbury's Will" and "Austin Friars" being by the authors of "East Lynne" and "George Geth" respectively, and both continue to wield their pens vigorously. This number contains, amongst other very readable verses, a little poem that we are tempted to quote:—

THE EMBASSY.

(From the German of Heine.)

Get up my boy, and saddle quick,
And leap upon thy steed;
Ride to King Duncan's castle,
And ride with fiercest speed.
Glide to the stable, and seek me out
The stable-boy, and say,
"Which of King Duncan's daughters, boy,
Is to be wed to-day?"

And if he says, "The dark one 'tis,"
Ride swift and tell me so;
But if he says, "It is the blonde,"
You will may ride more slow.

Then go to master ropemaker,
And buy me a hempen cord;
Ride leisurely back and give it me,
And say not a single word.

The *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* (Houlston and Wright) gives two illustrations instead of one this month, both by Frisdon, and one at least marked by a good deal of character. The contents also approach nearer than they have for some time past to what we think those of such a magazine should be—if we except a pitiable caricature of Dissenters by the Rev. W. L. Burton, professing to describe "The Marshall Family." The author either writes under a very bitter prejudice, or he knows absolutely nothing of Dissenters or their principles. It is rather late in the day to speak of a body that has produced such names as John Foster, Robert Vaughan, and others equally great, as an ignorant, debauched rabble, and to refer to them as though never heard of in civilised society—"Dissenters, or ranters, or something of that kind!"

To *Cassell's Magazine* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) the editor contributes a slight paper "About Making Tea," which, though telling one amusingly enough the great secret of how not to do it, helps one very little on the way to a really good cup of that delightful beverage; the second sketch, "On Rejected Communications," is of a more practical nature, but we fear it will hardly convince the class for whom it is intended, who would say from our experience, will go doggedly on in their own way to the end of their days. This month Wilkie Collins, with his "Man and Wife," has all the story-telling of the magazine to himself. *The Quiver* (same publishers) gets another dose—the third—of Martin Tupper's Proverbial twaddle, but is in other respects a fair enough number. Of the drawings, one by Grace abrook merits honourable mention.

Cassell's Book of Birds, Part 4, gives as frontispiece, a fine tinted plate of birds' eggs, and has also many interesting engravings. The *Household Guide*, Part 5, is

really what it professes to be, and we could accord it no higher praise. *Cassell's Popular Educator*, Part 28, it will be sufficient simply to mention.

The *Leisure Hour* (Tract Society) continues its papers on the "Natural History of Dress," and amongst its engravings, which are certainly not strong this month as a whole, has a very suggestive picture entitled "Reading of the Period." The *Sunday at Home* (same publishers), though decidedly "heavy" in tone, does not perhaps go further in that direction than a good deal of the so-called "light" writing of the day, and is immeasurably in advance of a good deal of terribly dreary stuff often denominated "comic," and which really appears to pass for such in certain quarters.

The *Florist and Pomologist* (171, Fleet-street) is a pictorial monthly magazine, devoted, as its title implies, to gardening subjects. It is one of the oldest and certainly amongst the most ably conducted of the journals of this class, its editors being not only skilled in the science of horticulture, but also practical workers. One of the most attractive features of this magazine is the coloured plate of some choice new flower or new fruit which it presents to its readers monthly. That of the current issue is devoted to the fairy apple.

The *Floral World* (Groombridge), edited by Shirley Hibberd, also supplies a monthly coloured plate, and is in many other particulars not unlike its more expensive competitor. There should be room for both, however.

The following, which we have also received, our limits forbid our noticing at length. They are all fair average parts: *Golden Hours and Sunshine* (Macintosh); *The Food Journal* (3, Castle-street, Holborn); *Good Words* (Strahan); *The Club Magazine* (49, Essex-street); *Aunt Judy's Magazine* (Bell and Daldy); *The Victoria Magazine* (Princes-street, Hanover-square); *St. James's Magazine* (49, Essex-street); and *The Belgravia* (Warwick House, Paternoster-row).

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Auntie's Poetry of the Period, crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.
Bairns (The), or Janet's Love and Service, crown 8vo, 5s. cloth.
Eva's Victory, 12mo, 1s. cloth.
Ministry (The) of Women in the London Poor, by A. V. L., 3s. 6d.
No Appeal, 4 Novel 3 Vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d. cloth.
Story of Two Lives, 12mo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

The widow of Straus the elder has recently died in Vienna, aged sixty-eight.

Lamartine's chateau of Monceau, near Maçon, is to be sold on the 26th.

The death is announced of M. Theodore Labarre, the celebrated harpist.

The *Orchestra* hears that the Adelphi and Princess's Theatres are about to pass into the hands of Mr. Boucicault.

Mr. Charles Dickens, jun., does not intend to adopt the stage as a profession—as the rumour has got abroad—though he occasionally performs as one of a company of amateurs.

Mr. W. F. Storey, the proprietor of the *Chicago Times*, has been publicly cowed by Miss Lydia Thompson and Miss Pauline Markham.

George Sand has presented the artists of the Odéon with her portrait, bearing this inscription, "1804, date de ma naissance."

We are glad to report that Mr. Shirley Brooks, the popular author, whose serious indisposition we announced a few weeks ago, is gradually progressing towards convalescence.

At the Globe Theatre, a new burlesque on the subject of *Robert Macaire*, by Mr. H. J. Byron, in which Misses Fanny Josephs, Amy Sheridan, Kate Newton, and Mr. E. Sinclair, from Belfast, in addition to the present company, will appear, will shortly be produced.

The Albert Memorial in Hyde-park, the Grand Hall of Arts and Science, and the new permanent Exhibition buildings are to be inaugurated in 1871. The colossal organ building for the Albert Hall, under the superintendence of Sir Michael Costa, is said to be the largest ever made.

Mr. Alfred Wigan has returned to the Gaiety Theatre, where he appeared on Saturday evening in his celebrated part of Achille Talma Duford, in the comic drama of *The First Night*. His highly finished impersonation of this amusing character found great favour with the audience.

Mr. Charles Field, of the "free list" Drury-lane Theatre, announces his first benefit for Thursday evening next, March 24, when we doubt not there will be a very large attendance. More than thirty years ago Mr. Field was a member of the Haymarket Theatre, at the time Mr. Morris was lessee, and the company included Messrs. W. Farren, B. Webster, Buckstone, Percy Farren, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Humby, &c. He then quitted the stage and became a successful musical lecturer through the country; also at the Panopticon, Polytechnic, Colosseum, &c., finally settling down to his present position at Old Drury. The programme for the 24th will be the laughable farce of *Phobus's Plea*, and the romantic Irish drama, *Peep o' Day*.

Mr. F. C. Burnand has just completed a new burlesque for the Strand Theatre, entitled *St. George and A Dragon*; or, *We are Seven*, which will shortly be produced, and in which the following ladies will appear, in addition to the well-known Strand company: Misses Kate Santley, Bella Moore, and Lizzie Dashwood.

Mr. Hotten has just published a very curious work under the title of "Flagellation and the Flagellants; a History of the Rod in all Ages and Countries, by the Rev. W. M. Cooper, B.A." The book is illustrated by numerous characteristic engravings. Its object is to give a history of the rod as an instrument for correctional purposes in the Church, the State, and the family.

The *Choir* hears from St. Petersburg that special preparations had been made to give Madame Adeline Patu an ovation at a farewell performance, and that a large sum as 1,000fr. had been paid to secure a seat at the Opera-house. The French Ambassador, General Fleury, had issued invitations for a parting banquet to the Diva and the Marquis de Caux.

The death of Mr. William Brough, a gentleman who has been well known as a journalist, essayist, and dramatist for the last twenty-two years, is now announced. As a writer of burlesque and extravaganza Mr. Brough had few, if any equals, he having raised this species of entertainment to a very high position. In addition to the numerous extravaganzas of which he was the author, many of his comedies and farces have achieved the widest popularity. Mr. William Brough

died on the 13th inst., at the age of forty-four, after a lingering illness of some months.

Extraordinary success has attended the three-volume novel called "Annals of an Eventful Life." It has gone through four editions in a very short space of time, and the author, who has now thought fit to reveal his name, turns out to be Dr. Dacent, a well-known student of Norse literature, and an equally well-known contributor to one of our leading daily papers.

A correspondence has been carried on for some time in the Durham newspapers on the question whether Mr. Carlyle is a pantheist. A northern newspaper contains a characteristic letter from Mr. Carlyle himself, in which he says, "No, I never was a pantheist, nor a poet-theist either; for the rest, never mind. So far as they [his accusers] do not mean well, the damage is their own."

THE BLONDE TROUPE IN AMERICA.—The Lydia Thompson assault case has been before the police-court in Chicago, the charge being the assault upon Mr. Storey, the editor of the *Chicago Times*. When Mr. Storey appeared he was hissed by the spectators. The result of the trial was the imposition of fines on Miss Thompson, Miss Markham, and Mr. Henderson of 100 dols. each for breach of the peace, and 210 dols. each for the assault. Miss Thompson paid the fines and left. They are also to be prosecuted for rioting and inciting to riot.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY-LANE.—The opera season at this house commences on the 16th of next month, under the direction of Mr. George Wood, and the programme was issued on Tuesday, only a few days after that of the rival house in Covent-garden. The engagements include Madame St. Petersburg, Nilsson, Mlle. Volpini (from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg), Mlle. Sinico, Mlle. Pauline Lewitzky, Mlle. Mathilde Savertal (from the Opera, Pisa), Mlle. Corsi, and Mlle. Reboux (from the Grand Opera, Paris); also Mlle. Ilma Di Murska, Mlle. Monbelli, and Mlle. Trebelli-Bettini. Signors Ruggini, Bettini, Forotti (from the Theatre della Pergola, Florence), Archibini, Rinaldini (from the Theatre Regio, Turin), and Gardoni; Mr. Santley, Signor Verger (from the Italian Opera, Paris), Signor Gassier, &c. The conductor will be Signor Ardit, and amongst the novelties promised are the opera of *Mignon*, and a romantic opera in three acts by Wagner under the title of *L'Oldane Donato*.

SIGNOR MARIO AT ST. PETERSBURG.—We have received the following description of the scenes at St. Petersburg on the occasion of Mario's recent farewell benefit: "Mario's success at the Imperial Opera-house took place on the 25th inst. The opera selected was Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, in which the part of Raoul has long been associated with Mario's name. He was in very good voice, and sang and acted with all his old charm of manner, and the reception accorded to him must have exceeded the expectations of his warmest admirers. At the end of each of the first three acts the audience hurriedly recalling their favourite again and again, and at the end of the fourth act the enthusiasm culminated to a pitch which was almost frenzied. At the conclusion of the opera there was another scene of applause, and Mario was called before the curtain at least twenty times. Amongst the gifts which were presented to Mario on this occasion was a laurel crown, bearing an inscription in gold letters on a sash ribbon. 'Le soliel concourant d'assez concorde tous les blets du firmament.' At a farewell banquet given to him by his admirers Mario sang 'Raggio d'Amore,' from *Il Furioso*, and again kindled his audience to enthusiasm. His handkerchief and gloves were torn to fragments, and divided amongst the company."

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.—Mr. Dickens closed his course of readings on Tuesday night with the following words of farewell: "Ladies and Gentlemen, it would be worse than idle, for it would be hypocritical and unfeeling, if I were to say that I close this episode in my life with feelings of very considerable pain. For some fifteen years, in this hall and in many kindred places, I have had the honour of presenting my own cherished ideas before you for your recognition, and in closely observing your reception of them have enjoyed an amount of artistic delight and instruction which perhaps it is given to few men to know. In this task, and in every other that I have ever undertaken as a faithful servant of the public, I have ever imbued with a sense of duty to them and always striving to do his best, I have been uniformly cheered by the readiest response, the most generous sympathy, and the most stimulating support. Nevertheless, I have thought it well at the full flood tide of your favour to retire upon those older associations between us which date from much further back than these, and henceforth to devote myself exclusively to the art that first brought us together. Ladies and gentlemen, in but two short weeks from this time I hope that you may enter, in your own homes, on a new series of readings at which my assistance will be indispensable; but from these garish lights I vanish now for evermore, with an heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The promises made in the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera just issued are exceedingly tempting to induce former and intending subscribers to enter their names freely to participate in the delights of the forthcoming season, and if the promises are well carried out the reputation won by the directors during previous seasons will be maintained upon the high level attained by them. The absolute novelties will be Campagna's *Esmeralda*, the libretto of which was founded upon Victor Hugo's novel, the directors having secured the right of sole representation in England of this opera; and Verdi's *Macbeth*, which is regarded by those who have the opportunity of hearing it as the greatest work by the master of melody and dramatic musical expression. Amongst the comparatively new works *Hannet*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *L'Africain* will be presented, the two last-named works being reasonably considered as comparatively new, either because they are little known or seldom performed. The other operas named need no specification in this place. Engagements have been made with Madame Adeline Patu, who is to appear in Campagna's new opera, and in which she will probably secure a success for the work equal with that achieved upon its recent production at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg, and a new pleasure will, doubtless, be found in her essay in the character of Elvira in *Le Puritain*, with Madame Sinico, whose non-appearance last season was the source of great regret; with Mlle. Olma; Mlle. Cari, the American contralto; Mlle. Madigan, and Mlle. Sessi. Mlle. 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Our Work-Table.

FERN-LEAF HAND-SCREEN.

■ This chaste and simple hand-screen is a pretty and useful little novelty, possessing, too, the additional recommendations of being very easily worked and presenting an extremely good effect when completed. To commence, a pair of frames made of sufficiently strong wire, corresponding in some degree with the shape shown in our illustration, must be procured, and a white silk canvas,

This bow is composed of pearl beads, which should be stitched down to the canvas with a soft cotton, to prevent injury to the beads. A good crape fringe of either one or three shades of the green is to be carried all round the edge after it has been bound with green ribbon, and a row of pearl beads laid on the heading of the fringe, after which handles of gold and green must be attached, and these hand-screens will be completed.

BABY'S SHOE IN CROCHET.

A warm shoe of this kind, serviceable in wear and

INFANT'S SHOE AND BIB.

For the shoe choose scarlet cloth and black or deep blue braid, tracing the pattern from our design in the usual manner. It will be necessary to cut the material a little larger than the outline we have given, to allow for the turning-in in making up. The sole may be of cork or stiff cardboard lined.—The bib will be found very pretty if worked from pattern in white braid on satin jean. The dots are formed by embroidery cotton in satin stitch. The bib should be finished off with a neat binding, or a narrow fringe if preferred.



Fig. 1.—FERN-LEAF HAND-SCREEN

which will not require grounding, stretched over it, the edges being carried over and fastened down with a strong thread. On this the fern leaves are to be worked in three shades of green chenille—very dark, medium and very light, the dark being the lowest down, the medium in the centre, and the light shade at the top. Each division of the leaf is done by a single stitch taken the whole length of the part, and brought out again a very little way from the inner end, to be repeated exactly in the same way from right to left, and from left to right. The dark shade of the chenille is to be worked close to the bow of beads which appears to tie the fern leaves together.

easily made, often calls into requisition the busy fingers of the family, and therefore we have been induced to give this pattern. The shoe may be readily worked from our design, and completed with ribbon quilling, the colour according to taste.

BRAIDED PINCUSHION OR MAT.

Copy the design from illustration on tissue paper, tack the paper pattern on the material, and run on the braid, when tear away the paper.

London and Paris Fashions.

SPRING BONNETS.

SOME items about the coming bonnets are gathered in advance. They are to extend higher above the head than ever, and are to have a sort of crown with which to cover part of the back hair now worn so low. We thought bonnets towered high enough already, but those who have seen the new ones in preparation say those of the winter look as though they had been sat upon and crushed.

The material to be introduced for bonnets is China crape, and the flowers prepared are of the pale hues in which that crape is made, or in deep rich colours forming strong contrasts with it.

First among the new tints—they are too delicate to be

Flowers will be worn in profusion. They are mounted in clusters, without much foliage, and, as we repeat every season, there are more roses than anything else. Some of these are arranged in new and pretty contrasts—a Capoul rose of finest crape on the stem with others of violet

ing-cap. White, black, chestnut-brown, and grey straws are shown in these shapes. It is said an effort will be made to revive the becoming turban.

SPRING SILKS FOR SUITS.

Two colours predominate at present, grisaille or iron-

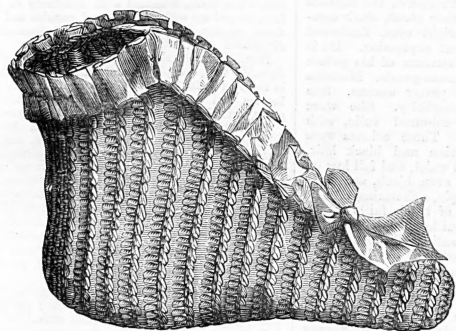


Fig. 2.—BABY'S SHOE IN CROCHET.

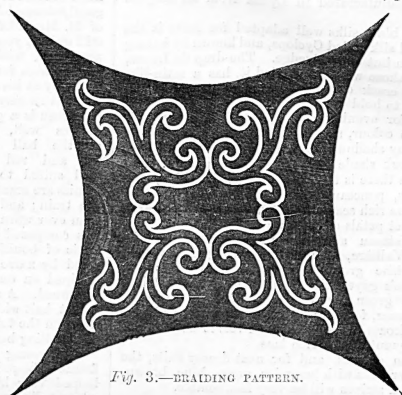


Fig. 3.—BRAIDING PATTERN.

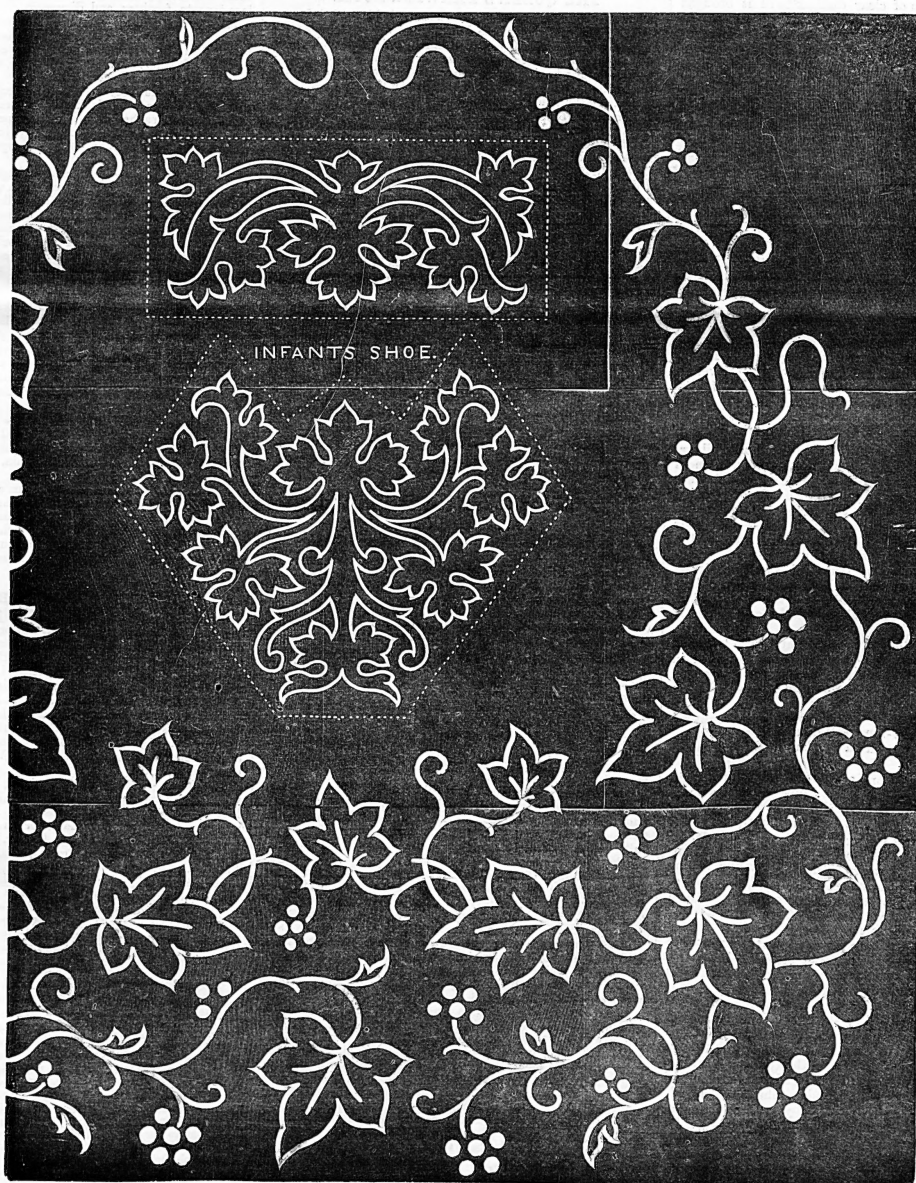
called colours—is a pale yellow-green called Capoul, after the tenor, who wears a costume of this shade in Vert-vert. Next is tea-rose, a fainter salmon-pink than the apricot shade; chair or flesh-colour; Rose de Chine; peau or skin-colour; souffre or sulphur; poussiere or dust-colour; and, more than anything else, the écreu or unbleached buff worn last summer.

hue, or Capoul and tea-roses together, or the pale rose de Chine with Capoul lilies glistening with dew.

English Dunstable round hats for spring wear have high tapering crowns and turned-up brims curving back and front. The Tyrolean crown dented in at the top is found among these, also a fancy crown brought to a point which is turned over at the side like a gentleman's smok-

grey, and the écreu buff of last summer. This is true of silks, poplins, mohairs, epingeline, serge, and of the wash materials.

Beginning with silks for suits, there are grisaille silks made up of black and white stripes almost too small to be distinguished. Other colours in hair-stripes are displayed, but there are large quantities of the grey silks.



Figs. 4 and 5.—INFANT'S SHOE AND BIB.

Waterproof black silk is a novelty to be introduced this spring. This is a fine grosgrain that has been dipped in a solution of caoutchouc, which, it is said, renders it perfectly impermeable. It will be more used for mantles, habits, and other wrappings than for suits, as it is very heavy. It is manufactured in Lyons from an English patent.

Among other black silks well adapted for suits is the three-pleated corded silk called Cyclops, and known by having a white stripe on but one selvage. The drap de Lyons, commended by those who have tested it, has a satin-like lustre, will not crack or split in the folds, and is too closely wrought to hold dust.

Fancy silks for evening and dinner dresses are pale tints of a single colour, such as the new green, flesh, and skin colour, many shadowy greys, and a pash more lighter than the peacock shade introduced last autumn. For darker contrasts there is the deep ultramarine blue, and three red shades, ponceau, a dark scarlet like poppies, Corinthe, and the rich scabieuse, a purplish crimson often seen in the velvet petals of dahlias.

Broadened Watteau silks are manufactured for the costumes à la Vallière, said to be coming into vogue. These have white grounds broadened with vines and leaves of nature's gayest tints, separated by satin stripes of black, gold, green, or violet. These are to make picturesque dresses, forming bunched-up tunics or trains over white petticoats, with great black velvet bows down the front, and quantities of rich lace.

For afternoon dresses, and for neat dressy suits, the ordinary summer silks with lavender, green, blue, brown, or black penciled stripes will be very fashionable.

MISCELLANEOUS HINTS.

Other Spring Fabrics.—Pongees of silky gloss, Japanese poplins, serges, and fine mohairs, for spring suits, are shown in solid colours, or with chind effects, clouded and mingled, or with undefined stripes. Sultana cloth, a new mixture of mohair and silk, has a fine smooth surface, and is shown in the appropriate fast colours of the coming season. Summer serge of clear distinct twill is brought out for the first time in the plain ceru colours, and in many of the grey shades in which it was worn last season.

Cretome, a smooth round-thread cotton goods, is shown for summer suits in fawn colour, buff, pale grey, and blue. It is shown in suit patterns with black stripes for bordering.

Robes of broadened grenadine are much admired. These are grey, black, or white, with jardinière flounces of blue, green, or violet. There are five flounces on the lower skirt, and but three on the upper, leaving a fanlike apron in front. Half high corsage with chemisette and ruff. Sabot sleeves.

A New Trimming.—An admirable trimming for white muslin and piqué dresses is formed of a band of Hamburg insertion, to which a pleating of muslin is attached. The frill is in perpendicular flat pleats, held by a stitching near the edge, and is as easily ironed as a pocket-hankerchief.

PARIS FASHION JOTTINGS.

By Madame ELIANE DE MARSY.

The political disturbances that have taken place this year have been a great check to the gaiety of the season, more by the anxiety they caused than by their own importance. The first ball at the Tuileries was, however, a magnificent affair, and especially notable for the multitude of new faces that appeared there, owing to the recent changes in our official circles.

The Empress appeared in a dress of vert d'eau satin, covered with two skirts of white tulle dotted with silver. On the bottom of the dress were set three draped flounces of white tulle fringed with silver. These flounces were caught together at intervals by narrow bands of Russian sable, which were set at the top. The corsage had a white satin sash with round diamond buckles. Her hair was exquisitely arranged in the chateleine style by the famous Alfort, with trailing snowflakes.

Princess Clotilde wore a dress of sky-blue faille, trimmed on the bottom with a blue tulle flounce bordered with sky-blue satin. White lace tunic, draped at the sides with clusters of pink hyacinths and diamond flowers.

Princess Metternich had a dress of white tulle trimmed with two deep flounces. White satin tunic, rounded in front and draped on the hips. This train was edged with a band of swansdown, as was also the white satin corsage.

The beautiful Madame Miles also wore a dress trimmed with fur. Hers was sky-blue satin, with a tunic edged with grebe. The corsage had a bertha of English point set on as a fichu.

Marchéle Canrobert wore a dress of white gros grain with a train of white pèkin. The front of the dress was trimmed with sable, as well as the curve of the tunic. The sole trimming of the corsage was a strip of sable. The coiffure consisted of a Greek diadem of diamonds.

The Marquise De Gallifet wore a dress of grey tulle entirely bouillonnée, with a scarf of white Algerienne, falling behind and fastened on the shoulder with clusters of maroon and yellow satin roses. Long trailing sprays of satin roses were scattered over the skirt. A diamond comb was the only ornament in the hair.

The dress of the Duchess De Fernan-Nunez was of white faille, trimmed with flounces of alternate black and white lace. These flounces were separated by bias folds of cherry satin. Diamond diadem in the hair.

Among the wives of the ministers the Marquise De Talhouet, still young and very agreeable, attracted much attention. She was dressed in white tulle, with tunic trimmed on the sides with a tressis of white satin. Sprays of roses of different colours adorned the tunic. The Marquise wore in her hair an antique diadem composed of splendid emeralds set with diamonds. She is the granddaughter of the celebrated Comte Roy, and perhaps the richest landed proprietor in France. The Duchesse De Mouchy was dazzling in white tulle, bouillonnée, with a tunic of deep violet velvet, embroidered with gold, a sky-blue sash, and large turquoises mixed with diamonds in her hair.

The fêtes of the Hôtel de Ville are celebrated all the world over for the magnificence of the reception-rooms and the arrangements for lighting, which are the finest that can be imagined. The staircase at the late ball was buried beneath flowers, and more than three hundred huge mirrors reflected the images of over a thousand elegantly-dressed ladies who had responded to the invitation of M. Henri Chevreau. The new Prefect of the Seine is still quite a young man. He is rather stout, dark-complexioned, with a high colour, bright eyes, finely-cut mouth, high forehead, and intelligent expression. He is perfectly at his ease, and does the honours of his palace without embarrassment to his numerous guests. Madame Chevreau is a graceful rather than pretty woman. She dresses well, although with simplicity. She wore at the ball a dress of straw-coloured tulle, with tea and red roses in her hair. These colours were well suited to her dark complexion and black hair. Tunics are scantier than ever at the waist, and fall low on the train; and dark colours, and even black, are more than ever worn at balls. For example, a charming toilette was composed of a trained dress of black faille with a tunic of bouillonnée tulle, the bouillonnées being separated by narrow pipings of black satin. This tunic was dropped on one side only by a cluster of sky-blue satin bindweed. A similar cluster was on the shoulder. Blue velvet belt with large bow. Bunch of blue satin bindweed on the top of the head, with a trailing spray of the same falling behind over chateleine bands.

For young girls white tulle dresses, with narrow flounces bound with white satin and Carmarog tunics, looped very high on the hips and simply edged with white tulle ruches, are much in vogue. Young married ladies wear the strangest mixtures; pink dresses and maroon satin tunics; dresses of white tulle with bands of amethyst or bear's-ear velvet between each flounce; and skirts of pink tulle with emerald-green waists and tunics, trimmed with white lace, with coiffures of diamond leaves with a single rose at the side.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

The first Drawing-Room of the season, held, as briefly announced in our last, on the Wednesday afternoon, was attended by a comparatively small company only, the coldness of the weather and the early date in the season for a drawing-room doubtless having much to do with this falling off in numbers. The Queen entered the drawing-room shortly after three o'clock, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the other members of the Royal Family. In attendance upon Her Majesty were: The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes; the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting; Lady Cordington, Woman of the Bedchamber in Waiting; the Hon. Emily Cathcart and the Hon. Lucy Kerr, Maids of Honour in Waiting; the Earl of Bessborough, Lord Steward; Viscount Sydney, Lord Chamberlain, &c.

The Queen wore a rich black-ribbed silk dress, with a train trimmed with erape and jet, and a diadem of diamonds and opals over a long white tulle veil. Her Majesty also wore a necklace and brooch of diamonds and opals, the band and star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a train of rose-coloured velvet trimmed with Honiton lace, and a petticoat of rose-coloured satin with flounces of Honiton lace looped with bouquets of azalea; ornaments, pearls and diamonds. Head-dress, diamonds, feathers, and veil. Orders of Victoria and Albert, and Louise of Prussia, and the Danish Orders.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise wore a train of mauve antique, trimmed with fringed satin, and a petticoat of white silk trimmed with rich Irish point. Head-dress, feathers, veil, and diamonds. Orders of Victoria and Albert, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice wore a rich blue silk dress with a tunic of white Irish lace, the latter looped up with forget-me-nots and bows of blue silk ribbon. Her royal highness's head-dress consisted of forget-me-nots and blue silk ribbon.

LADIES' DRESSES.

We append a full description of the most striking of the ladies' dresses worn on the occasion:

Duchess of Marlborough.—Train and corsage of coral pout de soie, trimmed with Brussels lace, bouquets of water lilies and pink coral, petticoat of rich white pout de soie, trimmed with pink coral and water lilies and the same kind of magnificent lace; coiffure, spray of water lily and pink coral, court plume, lace lappet, tiara of superb diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Marchioness of Blandford.—Train and corsage of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and sprays of white acacia; court petticoat of rich white satin, trimmed also with the same lace and bouquets of acacia and grass. Head-dress; flowers, feathers, tiara of diamonds, tulle veil; ornaments, a magnificent parure of diamonds.

Lady Frances Vane Tempest.—Train and corsage of white pout de soie trimmed with bouquets of white azaleas, lilies, and fine grass; court petticoat of white tulle over glacé trimmed with bouquets of azaleas and lilies. Head-dress, tulle lappet, court plume, bouquet of azalea; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Lady Fanny Churchill.—Train of rich white grosgrain, with wreath of white cactus and lilies; petticoat of white tulle over glacé, gracefully trimmed with white flowers to correspond. Coiffure, spray of cactus and lilies, plume, tulle veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Lady Rosamond Churchill.—Train of rich white grosgrain, very simply and elegantly trimmed with garlands of dog roses; petticoat of white tulle over glacé, trimmed with the same simple flowers. Head-dress, spray of dog roses, plume, tulle veil; ornaments, pearls and diamonds.

Lady Pross.—Train of rich black corded silk, handsomely trimmed with tulle and blue satin; panier of rich Honiton guipure; court petticoat of white tulle, with bouillonnées and pleated flounces, over white pout de soie, trimmed with blue satin, elegantly looped with a chateleine of cerise roses, heath, and variegated foliage; corsage trimmed with guipure lace, and flowers to correspond. Head-dress, court plume, flowers, and tulle veil; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Dashwood.—Train and corsage of richest black pout de soie with garniture of satin and blonde, over a skirt of rich black satin, handsomely trimmed with volants of blonde and tulle, relieved with jet. Coiffure, ostrich plumes, lappets, &c.; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Thorold.—Train and corsage of rich periwinkle pout de soie, ornamented with fine Brussels lace and bouquets of velvet; petticoat en suite, with fine Brussels lace flounces and bouquets of velvet. Head-dress of periwinkle velvet, diamonds, and Brussels lace lappets.

Hon. Mrs. Robert Boyle.—Train and corsage of rich pensée velvet, with rich white silk, trimmed with fine Brussels point, bouquets of pansies and silvery leaves; petticoat of rich white satin, trimmed with bouffants of tulle and black lace, looped up with bouquets of pansies and silver. Head-dress, pansies, feathers, and spray of diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. Berkeley.—Dress and train of rich white pout de soie; trimmed plisses and tuniques of white tulle, edged in rows of gold, tastefully ornamented with tontils of violet berries and gold grass. Head-dress of violet berries, gold grass, ostrich feathers, and tulle veil; ornaments, gold.

Hon. Mrs. Boothby.—Train of rich black raye satin, trimmed with festoons of white blonde, satin rouleaux, and pompons of black ribbon; corsage to correspond; petticoat of white tulle, ornamented with flounces of white blonde, rich black satin, and pompons of black ribbon. Head-dress of violet velvet, diamonds, feathers, and lappets.

Hon. Mrs. Hamilton Duncan.—Train Watteau of pearl grey satin princess, worn from the shoulders attached by moss roses, and trimmed with black velvet and lace; petticoat of rich white fawn tablier of moss roses, tulle, and satin; corsage to correspond. Head-dress, veil, coronet of diamonds, and roses.

Hon. Mrs. Stonor.—Train and corsage of richest rose satin antique broche trimmed with tulle; petticoat, tulle over glacé, trimmed bows of rose pink satin. Head-dress, plume, tulle lappets, tiara of diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Hon. Mrs. Motley.—Train of the richest grey pout de soie, trimmed round with bouffants of grey tulle striped with satin, and bordered with Spanish lace, looped back with bouquets of variegated roses with brown foliage; petticoat of grey satin, trimmed with tulle and almost covered with very fine Spanish lace. Head-dress, plume, veil, and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Hon. Miss Shaw Lefevre.—Train of black moire antique, lined with satin and trimmed with guipure lace, headed with satin and bows of ribbon; body to correspond with bouquet of flowers; petticoat of the same, with rich guipure lace flounce, satin trimmings, and bows of ribbon. Head-dress, guipure lace lappets, feathers, and diamonds.

Mrs. Grant Thorold.—Train of rich crimson pout de soie, trimmed with pleatings of tulle, satin bows, and fine Brussels lace; petticoat of white satin, entirely covered with Brussels lace, and trimmed with bouffants of tulle. Head-dress, veil, flowers, and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Mdme. Van de Weyer.—Train of very rich violet pout de soie, turned over with black silk, covered with splendid old point lace and ruches of black silk; petticoat of violet and black silk, richly trimmed with old point lace and volants of white tulle. Head-dress, plume, lappets, and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Emily Loch.—Train and corsage of the richest white pout de soie, tastefully trimmed with white tulle and bouquets of fringe Berlin; petticoat of white tulle over rich white silk, with bouquets of blue nemophila and marguerites. Head-dress, tulle veil and feathers; ornaments, pearls.

Miss Dashwood.—Train of rich pout de soie over azofe, trimmed with tulle and bouquets of cerise and blush roses; petticoat of white tulle over white azofe, with bouquets of tulle and cerise roses, and trimmings of satin. Coiffure, plume, tulle veil, ornaments, &c.

Miss Ewart.—Train of white pout de soie, trimmed with ruches en tulle; petticoat of white tulle entirely covered with ruches en tulle over a jupe of white glaze; a veil finished with a fringe of herbes longues and magnuets melanges, gracefully edged with bouquets azofe à la frange; corsage à basque nouvelle forme, the berthe composed of tulle and magnuets melanges. Head-dress, feathers, flowers, and voile en tulle.

Miss Cathcart.—Train of rich mauve pout de soie, trimmed with blonde, and ruches of mauve and violet tulle; petticoat of white tulle over white taffetas, trimmed with mauve and violet tulle to correspond with the train. Head-dress, feathers, veil, flowers, and diamonds.

Miss M. A. E. Thackeray.—Train of superb white satin Turin, lined with white taffetas, turned over with cherry-coloured satin, covered with magnificent point de Flandres; petticoat of cherry-coloured satin, richly trimmed with point de Flandres and volants of cherry-coloured tulle. Head-dress, plume, lappets, and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

THE QUEEN'S LEVEE.

On the Friday afternoon Her Majesty held a Levee at Buckingham Palace, when about 240 presentations took place. The Queen entered the Throne-room shortly after three o'clock, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, her Royal Highness Princess Louise, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck. In attendance upon Her Majesty were, the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes; the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady of the Bedchamber in Waiting; Lady Cordington, Woman of the Bedchamber in Waiting; the Earl of Bessborough, Lord Steward; the Viscount Sydney, Lord Chamberlain; &c.

The Queen wore a black silk dress, with a train trimmed with fringes and erape, and the usual white tulle cap with long veil and a coronet of diamonds. Her Majesty also wore a diamond necklace, the Kohinoor as a brooch, the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise wore a train of rich blue crystalline, trimmed with blue satin and tulle, and a petticoat of black covered with lace, and trimmed with satin and tulle. Head-dress—feathers, veil, and diamonds. Diamond ornaments, and the Orders of Victoria and Albert, St. Isabel, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Those ladies who have not yet tried the GLENFIELD STARCH are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's laundress, that it is the finest Starch they ever used.

HOLBORN VALLEY VALUET being now established, attention is directed to the increased facilities of approach to the Establishment of T. SIMPSON & Co., Nos. 65 and 66, late 48, 49, 50 and 53, Farringdon-street, City—within three minutes of the Farringdon and Ludgate stations. T. Simpson and Co. invite particular attention to their large and well-assorted stock of Silks, Dresses, Mantles, Family Drapery and Fancy Goods, purchased in the most favourable British and Foreign Markets, and marked at the lowest possible prices.



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, walked in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on Wednesday morning last week. Princess Louise visited the Cripples' Home and Females' Refuge (Northumberland House), attended by Lady Caroline Barrington and Lord Frederick Kerr. Prince Leopold arrived at the Palace from Windsor Castle, attended by Mr. Duckworth. In the afternoon, Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and the Duchess of Roxburghe, drove out. Lord Alfred Paget and Colonel Du Plat were in attendance upon horseback.

Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Arthur Helps had the honour of an interview with Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and accompanied the Princess of Wales to the Gaiety Theatre in the evening. Princess Beatrice honoured the performance at the Queen's Theatre with her presence. Lady Caroline Barrington and Lord Frederick Kerr were in attendance.

The Queen was unable to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Thursday, and Her Majesty was not able to join the Royal Family at dinner in the evening.

Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. Princess Louise, attended by Lady Churchill, went to Kensington Palace in the afternoon, and was present at the christening of the infant prince, the last born child of the Prince and Princess of Teck.

The Hon. Mary Lescault and the Hon. Florence Seymour succeeded the Hon. Lucy Kerr and the Hon. Emily Cathcart as Maids of Honour in Waiting.

The royal dinner party on Thursday evening included their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Louise, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl and Countess of Devonshire, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Clarendon. Princess Louise, attended by Lady Churchill and Colonel Du Plat, was present at the ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

The Queen and Princess Louise, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, drove out on Friday morning. Lord Alfred Paget and Colonel Du Plat were in attendance upon horseback. Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian left the Palace for Frogmore, attended by Lady Susan Melville and Lieutenant-Colonel G. Grant Gordon.

In the afternoon, Her Majesty walked in the grounds of the Palace, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise drove out, attended by Lady Churchill. Prince Leopold also drove out, attended by Mr. Duckworth.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their royal highnesses to the St. James's Theatre in the evening.

On Saturday morning the Queen drove out, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, and honoured the Duchess of Argyll with a visit at Argyll Lodge. The equestrian in waiting were in attendance upon horseback. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also drove out. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales visited Her Majesty during the morning and remained to luncheon. His Royal Highness the Duke d'Aumale visited the Queen in the afternoon.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, left the Palace at five o'clock for Windsor, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel Du Plat. A detachment of the 9th Lancers escorted Her Majesty to Paddington.

Her Majesty, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine Service on Sunday morning in the private chapel at Windsor. The Lord Bishop of London preached the sermon. Prince and Princess Christian remained at the Castle to luncheon.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, went out in the grounds on Monday morning. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out. Her Majesty drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe. Princess Louise also drove out, attended by the Hon. Florence Seymour. The Queen of the Netherlands arrived at the Castle in the evening, accompanied by Baroness de Pabst de Bingen, Mlle. de Delem, Baron Schimmelpenninck van der Oye, and Captain Gavearis de Simonshaven. Prince Christian met the Queen of the Netherlands at the railway-station in Windsor, and accompanied her to the Castle, where Her Majesty was received at the entrance by the Queen, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice, attended by the ladies and gentlemen in waiting.

The dinner party on Monday included Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Louise, the Duchess of Sutherland (Mistress of the Robes), Baroness de Pabst de Bingen (Lady in Waiting to the Queen of the Netherlands), his Excellency the Netherlands Minister, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, Viscount Sydney (Lord Chamberlain), and Baron Schimmelpenninck van der Oye. Her Majesty's private band played in the drawing-room after dinner.

On Tuesday morning the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, walked and drove in the grounds. The Queen of the Netherlands, accompanied by Princess Louise, visited the Wesley Chapel, and also paid a visit to Prince and Princess Christian at Frogmore House.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Thursday, last week, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the christening of the infant Prince of Teck at Kensington Palace. In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales had a dancing party at Marlborough House.

On Friday the Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, drove out. Princess Louise dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House. The Hon. Mrs. Stonor succeeded the Countess of Macclesfield as Lady in Waiting to the Princess of Wales.

In the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princess Louise, went to the St. James's Theatre.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Queen of the Netherlands at Claridge's Hotel on Saturday. The Prince of

Wales hunted with Her Majesty's staghounds near High Wycombe. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor.

On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Captain Ellis in waiting, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The service was performed by the Rev. the Subchan. the Rev. Flood Jones, and the Rev. C. V. H. Sumner. Anthem "Turn thee unto me," Boyce; sung by Masters Coward and Wood. Mr. Cooper presided at the organ. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, from St. Mark, chap. 13, v. 1 and 2.

We have authority for stating that there is no truth in the report of the intended visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland at Easter. Their royal highnesses and family, who according to present arrangements, spend Easter at their Norfolk seat, but as the new mansion is not yet completed the Prince and Princess will occupy Park House, and their friends will stay at the Bachelor's Cottage. The works at the new house are progressing satisfactorily, and it is expected that by the end of October their royal highnesses will be comfortably settled in their new dwelling. It is believed that soon after the completion of the new house Her Majesty will pay her first visit to Sandringham. It is thirty-five years since the Queen, then the Princess Victoria, paid a visit to this locality, on the occasion of her visiting the Earl of Leicester at Holkham with the late Duchess of Kent.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO KIMBOLTON CASTLE.—The rumour that found currency last week to the effect that the Prince and Princess of Wales would not visit the Duke of Manchester turned out to be unfounded. The royal party left for Kimbolton Castle on Monday, and the reception accorded to them has been of the most enthusiastic and demonstrative character possible in a district but thinly populated. The party had to pass through the principal part of the pretty little town of St. Neots, where the inhabitants had caused to be erected a very good triumphal arch, and a splendid display of flags was suspended from the windows of the houses past which the cortege went on the way to Kimbolton. Their royal highnesses were repeatedly cheered as they passed through this town, the bells from the church tower ringing forth a merry peal in honour of the visit. Their royal highnesses proceeded through the villages of Hail Weston, Staughton, and Stoney to Kimbolton Castle. As each of the villages named the country people came forward to greet them, and the cortege passed through the Kimbolton Castle was reached at about half past seven o'clock. A large crowd of spectators was assembled to witness the arrival by the iron gates on the St. Neots-road, and a hearty cheer greeted the arrival of the royal pair.

ROYAL DONATION.—Her Majesty has been pleased to send a second donation of 50l. to the Rev. J. D. Hales, of Richmond, in behalf of the building fund of Holy Trinity Church, the foundation-stone of which was laid at Richmond, in August last, by her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Teck.

THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.—Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, arrived at Claridge's Hotel on Friday afternoon last week from Turin. Her Majesty was visited on Saturday by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Claridge's Hotel, where Her Majesty received in the course of the day the principal members of the corps diplomatique and friends belonging to the English aristocracy. Her Majesty, attended by the Baroness de Pabst de Bingen, Mlle. de Delem, Baron Schimmelpenninck van der Oye, and Captain Gavearis de Simonshaven, returned to Claridge's Hotel on Tuesday evening from visiting the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Queen of the Netherlands and suite dined at the hotel, and subsequently Her Majesty, with her principal attendants, took tea with Lady William Russell, at Audley-square. Prior to Her Majesty leaving town on Monday for Windsor the Egyptian and other departments in the British Museum were visited.

Her Serene Highness the Princess Claudine of Teck left Kensington Palace on Sunday evening, on her return to Germany, and was accompanied by her brother, Prince of Teck, as far as Dover.

Bombay telegrams of the 9th and 10th report the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Viceroy at Jubulpore on Monday, the 17th inst. The railway between Calcutta and Bombay was declared open, and the ceremonies were followed by a grand banquet. The Viceroy expressed in warm terms the satisfaction of his people of India at the Duke of Edinburgh's visit. His Royal Highness started for Bombay on the morning of the 8th, staying for two days' shooting on the way. The Viceroy returned to Calcutta on the 9th.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Bombay on the Friday afternoon, and was received at the railway-station by the Governor and suite, the chief civil and military authorities, and the Guicowar of Baroda, the Rajah of Kolapoor, the Rajah of Kutch, and the Nawab of Jeend. Many other Indian chiefs were present. The Duke was to leave on Friday last for Madras.

His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, K.G., has consented to preside at the anniversary festival of the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, in April next.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief will hold a levee at one o'clock to-day (Saturday).

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge honoured the Lord President of the Council and the Countess de Grey by his company at dinner on Saturday evening at their residence in Carlton-garden. The Duke arrived at eight o'clock, attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt. A select party was present to meet the illustrious guest.

We have to record the death of Sir William Plunket de Bathe, Bart., of Knightstown, county Meath, which occurred on Thursday week at Woodend, his seat near Chichester. The late baronet was the second son of Mr. James Michael Bath, who reassumed by sign manual the original surname of De Bathe, and was created a baronet in July 1861, in which year, his daughter, the Countess of Merionethshire, was born December 23, 1793. He married, November 18, 1820, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Earle, of Spekelands, Lancashire, and by her, who is deceased, he leaves an only son, Major-General Henry Percival de Bathe (formerly of the Scots Fusilier Guards), born June 19, 1823; and a daughter married to Colonel Villiers Latouche Hutton, only son of Admiral Hutton.

Mr. Francis Henry Fitzhugh Berkeley, the veteran member for Bristol, which city he had represented for nearly thirty-three years in seven successive Parliaments, has died

at his town residence in Victoria-square, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The Duchess (Eleanor) of Northumberland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster and family, and Lady Agnes Campbell are among the latest English arrivals at Cannes. It is understood that they purpose to remain there till after Easter.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare have arrived at the Duke of Leinster's on Carlton-house-terrace, from Kilkeel, county Kildare, for the season.

Intelligence has been received of the death of the Hon. Julia Goldsmid, youngest daughter of the late Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, Bart., and sister of the present baronet, Sir Francis H. Goldsmid, M.P. for Reading. Miss Goldsmid died at Nervi, near Genoa, on Tuesday week.

Lady Emily Peel gave birth to a daughter last week, at the family residence in Whitehall-gardens. Her ladyship and infant are both doing well.

The Earl and Countess of Dartmouth and the Ladies Legge left Grosvenor-square last week for Paris, with the intention to remain abroad several months.

Lady Dalton Fitzgerald has been dangerously ill in Rome. The latest telegram received at her ladyship's residence in Grosvenor-place reports a slight improvement.

Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., is seriously indisposed, and on account of his advanced years his condition occasions much anxiety to his family.

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and the Ladies Scott do not intend to come to London for the season till the last week in April or the commencement of May.

We have to record the death of Rear-Admiral Thomas Vernon Watkins, which occurred at Cheltenham a few days since, at the age of seventy-seven.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has nearly recovered from the effects of his recent severe illness.

The Right Hon. the Speaker will hold his levees on the evenings of Wednesday, March 23, and of Saturday, April 2, at ten o'clock p.m.; full dress.

The dinner to the second portion of the members of the Council of the County Council was given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House on Tuesday evening. There were about 230 guests.

Lady Margaret Beaumont had an evening party on Tuesday night at her residence on The Terrace, Piccadilly, which was fashionably attended.

The Earl and Countess of Courtown and Ladies Stopford have arrived in Brook-street for the season.

The Earl and Countess Vane entertained a select party at dinner on Tuesday evening at Holderness-house.

A fire broke out between four and five o'clock on Monday at Galloway House, the seat of the Earl of Galloway, near Wigton, owing to the igniting of a chimney. The fire was confined to the upper part of the mansion, but the walls and furniture of twelve apartments were greatly injured.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Lowe had a dinner party on Saturday at their residence in Lowndes-square.

FOREIGN COURTS.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.—Preparations are being made at Livadia, in the Crimea, for the reception of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, who are again to pass the summer there, as they did last year.

The Duke of Montpensier has killed Don Enrique de Bourbon in a duel. The fight took place on Saturday near Madrid. The Prince fought with pistols. The Duke's third shot lodged in his adversary's head, and killed him on the spot. The Duke was much affected, and had to be bludgeoned.

The Princess Frederik of Holland is now at Cannes in a very dangerous state of health. She is sixty-two years of age; sister of the King of Prussia, she has had by her marriage with the Prince, two daughters, one Queen of Sweden, and the other the Princess William de Wied.

THE EX-ROYAL FAMILY OF SPAIN.—According to the Paris papers, her ex-Queen Isabella and her husband, Don. Francisco d'Assise, have consented, at the instance of very distinguished advisers, to submit their matrimonial differences to the arbitration of a private tribunal, to consist of five avocats, two to be nominated by each party, and the fifth to be selected by the arbitrators themselves. MM. Jules Favre and Saurier have been selected by the Queen, and MM. Mathieu and Faure by Don Francisco.

The King of Greece, when the fine weather comes, is to visit some German watering places, and then go on to Copenhagen.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

A marriage was celebrated on the 1st inst., at Hartwell, Northamptonshire, by the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Francis Tolle-mache, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell, rector of Thorpe Malsor, between A. Eugene Tolle-mache, Esq., 22nd Regiment, nephew of the Earl of Dysart, and Alice Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Curzon Cursham, of Hartwell Lodge, in the same county. The bridesmaids, three in number, were Miss Cornelia Tolle-mache (sister of the bridegroom), Miss Ada Gisborne and Miss Laura Cursham (cousins to the bride). The groomsmen were Lord Edward Churchill, Hon. Ralph Carrington, and Captain Butlin, of the 22nd. The whole village was decorated with flags, streamers, and wreaths of evergreens, suspended across the road, the population making high holiday on the occasion.

The marriage of E. G. H. Odell, Esq., with the Lady Selina Elizabeth Anne Hastings, second daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, has been solemnised in the Mariners' Church, Kingston, by special license. The bride's dress was simple but peculiarly elegant. It consisted of a dress of rich white Lyons satin, having a train skirt trimmed with bouillons of soft white tulle, looped up with bouquets of miniature orange valley and orange flowers, mingled with sprays of lily of the valley and jasmine; puffed and trimmed to correspond; long Venetian sleeves, and corsage cut square; a head wreath of real orange blossoms, and a magnificent coronet of diamonds; a veil of tulle illusion, edged with lilies of the valley and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were the Lady Louisa Hastings (sister of the bride) and Miss Power, of Bellevue, Waterford (cousin of the bride). These ladies wore dresses of the richest white grenadine, with blue satin trimmings; head-dresses of lilies of the valley, blue flowers, and long tulle veils. W. O'Dell, 44th Regiment, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Lees, D.D., prebendary of Laccab, diocese of Tuam, and uncle to the bride, assisted by the Rev. Allen Windle, M.A., incumbent of the Mariners' Church.

The marriage of William Dingwall Fordyce, Esq., of Brucklay, M.P. for East Aberdeenshire, with Alice, second daughter of Robert Horn, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh, is fixed for the 5th of April.

A marriage has been arranged between Major-General

General News of the Week.

Pierpont Mundy, son of the late General and the Hon. Mrs. Mundy, and brother of Admiral Sir Rodney Mundy, K.C.B., and Geraldine, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Maurice Fitzgerald Stephens Townshend, of Castle Townshend, county Cork, and Dingle, county Kerry, and Vicar of Thornbury, Gloucestershire.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Soppitt, only surviving son of General Soppitt, of the Bomba Army, with Miss Philippa Pole, younger daughter of Lieut. General Cunliffe Pole, Colonel of the 63rd Regiment, is arranged to take place the first week in April.

We understand that the Chevalier W. de Stoess, Bavarian Consul at Liverpool, will shortly be married to Miss M. Graham Howell, the sister-in-law of Mr. Jefferson Davis, formerly President of the Confederate States of America.

A marriage will take place between Mr. E. Cleasby, Esq., only son of Mr. Baron Cleasby and Miss E. Arkwright, second daughter of the late Edward Arkwright, Esq., of Hatto House, Warwick, and niece of Fred Arkwright, Esq., of Willesley Castle.

A marriage is on the tapis between the Rev. Mr. Belcher and Miss Benham, daughter of the Countess of Stradbroke by her first marriage.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Hon. Lady Augusta Frederica Louisa Francis Vernon-Wentworth, second daughter of the first Marquis of Ailesbury, K.T., wife of Mr. Frederick William Thomas Vernon-Wentworth, of Wentworth Castle, York, and Connaught-place, Middlesex, was proved, at Wakefield, under 90,000, by Mr. Arthur Bethel Thellusson, her son-in-law, and Mr. Thomas Frederick Charles Vernon-Wentworth, her son, the acting executors and trustees; the other executors being her brothers, the Most Hon. George William, Marquis of Ailesbury, K.G., P.C., and the right Hon. Lord Ernest A. Bruce, O.B., P.C., to whom power is reserved to prove hereafter. Her ladyship bequeaths to her two daughters, Louisa Mary H. Vernon-Wentworth, and Henrietta Francis Elizabeth Thellusson, all her jewels, diamonds, and ornaments of the person, and her carriages and horses, equally between them, as well as the rest of her property, appointing them residuary legatees.

The will of Mr. Thomas Parr, late of Grappenhall Heyes, was proved at Chester, on the 1st ult., under 500,000, personally in the United Kingdom, by the executors, Mr. Richard Asheton Cross, Esq., of Broughton-in-Furness; Mr. St. John Charlton, jun., of Penrhynde; and testator's sons, Mr. Thomas Philip Parr, of Killechenron, Island of Mull; and Mr. Joseph Charlton Parr, of Grappenhall Heyes. The will is dated July 1, 1869, and a codicil the 26th of the same month. The bequests to his sons and daughters are very large, including numerous shares in various companies; also liberal legacies to his nephews and nieces, and bequests to his clerks, servants, and others; all legacies free of duty.

The will of Mr. George Thomas, of the city of Bristol, and of Brislington, Somerset, merchant, was proved at Bristol, under 200,000. The executors are John Sanderson Thomas, his nephew, and Benjamin Thomas, his great-nephew, both of Bristol. The will and two codicils were executed in 1861; and testator died in December last. He leaves to his wife a legacy of 3,000, an annuity of 1,500, and a choice of one of his residences. He leaves to his nephew, Alfred Ketton Thomas, a legacy of 10,000, and liberal bequests to his other nephews and nieces and to friends, and to several institutions.

The will of Mr. Charles Schofield, of Oldham, timber merchant, who died at Torquay, on Feb. 7, was proved, in the Manchester Consistory Court, by the executors, Mr. Edward Dudley Jackson, barrister-at-law, and George Holme, timber merchant, Liverpool. Mr. Schofield bequeathed to his cousin, the said Edward Dudley Jackson, 7,000, with all his jewellery, except a ring, which he leaves as an heirloom to his cousin S. Schofield; to his cousin Fanny Jackson, 2,000; to his cousin S. Schofield, 1,000, with his carriages, horses, and harness; and to his nieces and sisters, (already well provided for), 1,000, amongst them.

Such of our readers as may require black silk dresses of good texture and durability should send for patterns to Messrs. Jolly and Sons, silk merchants, Bath, who give a guarantee with every dress that it will wear well; it is also warranted not to rust. Of course, the shalloon is somewhat dearer than those ordinarily sold—but although the outlay is a trifle more, the result proves the accuracy of the old axiom, that the dearest may be the cheapest in the long run.

As a pretty general rule it may be asserted that the walls in the drawing-rooms, or salons, of celebrated artists are adorned with wreaths, medallions, and other tokens of triumphs achieved. But nothing of the kind is visible in Mdlme. Albion's drawing-room. One thing, however, rather astonishes the visitor, and that is a collection, under a glass shade, of tufts, such as are used to ornament the shakos worn by French soldiers. These tufts are arranged in the form of a bouquet, and the following story is connected with them: On one occasion that Mdlme. Albion sang at the theatre in Metz, she raised the audience to a more than ordinary degree of enthusiasm. The stage was inundated with bouquets, wreaths, and shako tufts. She had not flowers or wreaths, any more than money for the purchase thereof, but who, for all that, were quite as ecstatic as the civilian spectators. Mdlme. Albion had all the tufts carefully collected, and they were the only tokens she carried away with her of her triumph at Metz.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (invented and manufactured by Charles H. Vincent, optician, of 25, Windsor-street, Liverpool) consists of a pair of telescopic, well adapted for tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent microscope of great power, and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of post-office order or stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d.

A few months ago I was suffering from inflammation of my throat, caused by a cold, so that I could only with difficulty swallow my food. I could get no permanent relief, till a friend kindly induced me to try your Vegetable Pain Killer. A few doses completely cured me. J. MACK, 118, Gordon-street, Liverpool.—To P. D. & Son, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—If sufferers from diseases by which they are wellnigh worn out will supply themselves with these regenerating Pills, and obey their accompanying directions, they may confidently hope for relief from their purifying and strengthening effects after physic and physicians have failed to effect a cure. In all disorders of the stomach, irregularity of great powers, and in all disorders of the liver, and diseases of the kidneys, these Pills are of the most especially useful in re-instituting order and restoring health. Holloway's Pills clear away obstructions, remove poisonous particles from the blood, secrete, and system generally, quicken digestion, give purity and regularity to the circulation, tone and power to the stomach, energy and vividness to the brain.

A MEMORIAL of the martyrs of Smithfield, erected near the spot on which Rogers, Bradford, and Philpot were burnt, has been uncovered by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The monument fills a recess in the external wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Miss Carpenter intends to open a female training school in Surat, after the model of the one already established so successfully in Ahmedabad; she has met with much kindness from native and resident Europeans, and people in general seem well disposed towards her good work.

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL.—The magisterial examination into the circumstances attending the death of the so-called Welsh fasting girl was concluded on Tuesday, when the bench committed Evan Jacob, and Hannah Jacob, the mother of the girl, to the assizes for manslaughter. Bail was accepted.

The Russian papers announce the death of Gil Migoret, the postilion who had the honour of saving Napoleon from falling into the clutches of the Cossacks, when he was leaving Moscow, by his skilful riding. In the affair of the Rue Saint Nicaise, when an attempt was made to blow up his Majesty, he was saved by the rapid driving of his coachman Caesar.

A TRIPLE BIRTH.—The wife of William Howlett, a labourer employed at the White Hart Hotel, Newmarket, has been delivered of three fine children—a boy and two girls. The infants are all healthy and are likely to live. The authorities of St. Mary's, Newmarket, have applied to the Queen for the usual bounty which Her Majesty grants in such cases.

PROTESTANT RELIC WORSHIP.—Among the articles deposited beneath the foundation-stone, laid a few days ago, of a new facade to the Wesleyan Chapel, Burslem, were a bit of the coffin, a piece of the shroud, and a lock of the hair of John Wesley. The announcement of the deposit of these articles by the resident minister was greeted with great applause by the spectators of the ceremony.

At the Exeter Assizes on Monday, Susan Northcote, a lodging-house keeper, said to be in receipt of an income of 1000, a-year, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for stealing a piece of meat from a butcher's stall. She was seen to take the meat by a detective who was watching the stall. She was also charged with stealing a coal-scuttle, but acquitted on this charge.

Mr. Stephen Gladstone, a son of the Prime Minister, was on Sunday ordained a priest of the Church of England by the Bishop of Winchester, in the parish church of Lambeth. Mr. Gladstone, who was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, was a deacon about a year ago by Dr. Sumner, the late Bishop of Winchester, and has since been acting as assistant curate to the Rev. Robert Gregory, canon of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth.

UPS AND DOWNS.—It is said that Clumber House, the magnificent seat of the Dukes of Newcastle, has just been let to Mr. Samuel Fox, of Deepcar, for 1,000, a-year rental. Thus strangely does trade tread on the heels, or rather step into the place of nobility. A few years ago and it would have appeared less unlikely that the "romance of the peerage" would be marked by the insolvency of one of its proud branches, than that a "wire drawer" at Stockbridge Works would go to reside at one of the oldest and noblest palatial mansions in the county of Nottingham, but even "the dukery" has its vicissitudes.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—It is stated that the authorities of this institution contemplate carrying out a project whereby its advantages may be set within the reach of a much larger number of persons than can be accommodated at the present time. It is to sell a plot of the hospital lands, and to erect a day-school for 500 boys of the middle class, and also to found a similar establishment for about the same number in a different part of London. The boarding-school which now exists at the hospital is to be removed into the country, and many improvements therein made. A school for girls is also talked of.

ACCIDENT TO A LADY IN THE HUNTING FIELD.—At a meet, on Saturday week, of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds at Tormarton, Miss Burgess, of Yate, had a bad fall. The hounds had found, and were going at a sharp pace, when her horse fell at a leap and rolled with its rider, who lay between him and the bank. Thomas Johnstone Ward, Esq., happened to be passing with his groom, and by main force they dragged her from this dangerous position. Her habit was torn literally to pieces, and she received some bad bruises, but not of a serious character.

MURDER OF A YOUNG WOMAN IN GLASGOW.—Mary Finney, a seamstress, aged twenty-four years, was found murdered on Sunday morning in a piece of waste ground near Fleming-street, Glasgow. Death appeared to have been caused by suffocation, and there were several external bruises. Deceased left her sister's house about eleven o'clock the previous evening, and a young man, named William Kelly, a former sweetheart, left the same house about half an hour previously. Kelly was apprehended on Monday. He denies having seen the deceased, and states that he passed the night in a shed belonging to the Union Railway.

A COTTON MILL BURN.—On Saturday night a fire broke out at a cotton mill in Middleton, near Oldham, belonging to Messrs. Schofield and Buckley. The entire building with its contents was destroyed. One of the gables fell into the street, damaging several houses; fortunately the inmates had previously removed their goods. A man was run over and killed by a fire engine, and two other persons were seriously injured from the same cause. The mill was the largest in Middleton, and 200 workpeople will be thrown out of employment in consequence of the disaster.

THE "COUNTESS OF DERWENTWATER."—"The Countess of Derwentwater will attend between two and four to explain several of the curiosities." Such was the information appended to an announcement that the Derwentwater heirlooms and relics would be exhibited by the mortgagor in Newcastle, on payment of an admission fee of one shilling. All the property, it will be remembered, was offered in a writ of *fi. fa.* to satisfy the claims of a creditor. The sale was announced for three days, but at the commencement of the first day's sale a friend of "the Countess" purchased a reputed portrait of the Pretender for 1,000, and the debt was paid. On the same day a verdict was given in the Shotley-bridge county court, at the suit of the Admiralty, for 800, and an execution issued against the heirlooms. The bailiff, going to put it in force the following morning, he found that immediately after the sale broke up on the preceding day, "the Countess" made over the goods to Mr. Stokoe and another, of Baydon, and that the execution was of no avail. Next day came the announcement that the heirlooms would be "exhibited," and "the Countess" actually appeared at the room, and with

great courtesy replied to all the numerous questions asked her by the visitors, who attended in considerable numbers. The Countess was attired in her Stuart tartan, with a shoulder scarf of silk of the same pattern, and with a black plume in her bonnet.

A QUADRUPLE BIRTH.—On Wednesday night last week the wife of a labourer, named William Getley, in the employ of Messrs. Robinson and Co., brewers, residing in the Fourteen Houses, Brantstone-on-Trent, gave birth to four healthy children, all girls. They have been baptized, and have received the names of Patricia, Hannah, Mary Ann, and Elizabeth. Both mother and children are doing well. Already, we hear, that the Rev. Charles Guest, Dr. Perks, and other gentlemen have interested themselves for the benefit of the parents, whose circumstances are not good, and that very many charitable persons have sent money to assist them.

SHOCKING DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.—Mr. Carter, Surrey coroner, held an inquest on Friday on the body of Maria Colby, aged twenty-one, whose body was found in the Thames on the Tuesday, near Kew-bridge. Thomas Cunningham, soap manufacturer, of Brentford, identified the body, and also the handwriting of a letter which was found in Miss Colby's pocket. The letter stated "that she could not bear to see misery she had caused." It was neither signed nor dated. She was engaged to any person, and had not met with any disappointment. She had, however, before made an attempt upon her life. The jury found that she had committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

THE POPES OF ROME.—The *New Free Press*, of Vienna, thus summarizes the history of the Popes: "Since St. Peter (supposing that he ever was in Rome) there have been 297 Popes, of whom 24 were anti-Popes and one female Pope. Nineteen Popes reigned at Rome and 35 reigned abroad. Eight Papal reigns did not exceed each a month's duration, 40 extended over one year, 22 over two years, 54 over five years, 51 over fifteen years, 18 over twenty years, and only 9 exceeded that duration. Of the 297 Popes, 31 were declared usurpers and heretics, and of the remaining 266 legitimate occupants of the Holy See, 64 met with violent deaths, 18 having been poisoned and 4 strangled. Independently of the Avignon Popes, 26 were deposed, expelled from Rome, and banished; 28 others were only maintained in power by foreign aid."

MOLE ADULTERATIONS.—"What to eat, drink, and avoid," is really becoming a vexatious question. A short time ago Dr. Lecheby, reporting to the Commissioners of Sewers (the general sanitary authorities of the City of London are stupidly named), showed that large quantities of tea sold in the City were no better than old used-up tea-leaves re-dried and dressed; and now in the *Food Journal* a very uncomfortable article about coffee. Dr. Muter has been analysing about fifty specimens of ground coffee bought at different shops in London, and he finds that nearly all were adulterated with none of the Is. 4d. samples contained more than fifty per cent. of coffee and some much less. Roasted grain, sand, foreign roots, and stinking berries are used. When is adulteration to be punished?

REMARKABLE TRIAL.—A curious trial for bigamy has taken place at Maidstone. An old man, named Richard Fox, seventy years of age, is now charged with marrying Mary Ann Smith in 1869, he having been previously married in 1842 to Jane Smith, who is still alive. This the prisoner admitted, but alleged in defence that he was first married in 1828 to Maria Frazer, who was alive in 1843, and that thus his 1842 marriage was illegal and invalid. Evidence was given in support of this statement, and although it was open to some doubt, the jury acquitted the prisoner. Mr. Justice Keble, however, ordered the prisoner to answer another charge of bigamy, arising from his marriage with Jane Smith in 1842, his first wife being, according to his own statement, then alive.

CAUTION TO LADIES.—A correspondent sends the following account of an elaborate fraud lately practised upon her: "I saw a very promising advertisement of a cook, and wrote to the advertiser in the country (near Brighton). The advertiser sent me a plausible answer that she would come and see me if I would pay her travelling expenses to London, and send me if this I agreed to do. She called on me, and I was so pleased with her, it was arranged that after hearing favourably from a lady in the country—her last situation, where she stated she had been for some years, &c.—she was to come into my service, and I paid her travelling expenses, and, after partaking of refreshment, she left, very pleased with her interview. I have written to the lady for her character, and my letter has been returned, marked 'not known.' I have also written to the cook for an explanation, and this letter has also been returned marked 'gone away.'"

A WORKHOUSE ROMANCE.—At the Greenwich Board of Guardians, a few days ago, quite a romantic incident occurred. A few weeks previously, a half-starved, ragged little girl, about two years of age, was found on a litter of shavings, at 41, Holborn-street, Deptford, with her mother, a vendor of (infer matches) lying dead by her side. The child was conveyed to the Greenwich Workhouse, and was found to be suffering from bronchitis, induced by cold and exposure, of which the mother had died. The infant recovered under proper treatment, and became plump and healthy. Its extreme beauty and little prattling childish ways attracted considerable attention, and ultimately a married couple without children, the husband a writer in the Deptford Victualling-yard, hearing of the occurrence, agreed to adopt the child, and attended before the guardians for that purpose. The little orphan was taken before the board by the workhouse nurse, and duly consigned to the persons who had adopted it, who were, of course, prepared to receive it in a spirit of parental love and kindness. It was stated that the persons in question had lately inherited a considerable sum of money, and that there was every probability of the tiny child finding its way to a happy home, and that the child was no longer a pauper.

TWO CHILDREN SMOTHERED IN A CORN CHEST.—A melancholy accident, involving the death of two children under very painful circumstances, took place a few days ago near Balerno. The sufferers were a girl of five and a boy of three years of age, residing with their father, Mr. Knox, who is gardener at Mullany fall mills. In the course of the day they left home for the purpose of going to the school, but the boy was working in a garden at no great distance from the house. Under these circumstances no notice was taken of their absence till a considerable time afterwards, when the brother, on returning from his work, stated, in reply to his mother's inquiry, that he had never seen them. A search was forthwith instituted, but for a time it proved unsuccessful. At length, however, it occurred to some one to open the little iron corn chest in the stable, when the two ill-fated children were found lying dead inside. The secret of their mysterious disappearance was now only too apparent. The little creatures, instead of going to their brother, had betaken themselves to the stable. While frolicking there they got into the corn chest, and either pulled down the lid or allowed

it to fall over them. Once down, the lid was caught by the hump outside, when of course it could not have been opened even by great force applied from within. The result must have been speedy suffocation.

SAD RESULTS OF PRACTICAL JOKING.—It is seldom that any thing but evil comes from a practical joke. Even if no actual harm ensue, there are but few persons can bear a practical joke of which they are the victims without many regretful feelings being aroused. But an instance of the serious consequences of this kind of amusement recently occurred in Syracuse. A young married woman was standing one evening on the doorstep, bidding a friend good-night. When the friend had gone, the husband, approaching carefully, thought he would give her a little surprise, and suddenly caught her in his arms. The surprise was a more effectual one than the husband had intended. The lady was so terrified that she shrieked and went into convulsions. She was carried into the house and a physician summoned, and he pronounced her in danger of becoming a raving maniac! After a few days she began to improvise, but it will be a long time before her nervous system recovers from the shock she received.

CHILDISH INNOCENCE IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH.—An inquest was held on Saturday, at Long Ditton, on the body of Mrs. Simpson, who was for many years landlady of the Clarence Hotel, Teddington. She had lately been residing with her youngest son, a boy aged five years, in Prospect-place, Long Ditton. For some days past, though the child was frequently playing in front of the house, the mother could not be seen. Some of the neighbours, out of curiosity, inquired of the child whether he had had plenty of food during the week, and he replied that all he had had was what was left in the cupboard, and there was plenty still remaining there. Upon missing the child's mother, one of the neighbours inquired how she was, and whether she had gone. The little child, with great simplicity, replied, "Mamma is lying in bed, and she will not speak to me, and she is so cold, like a lump of ice, when I lie in bed with her." The same person said, "Perhaps she is dead," when the boy replied, "I think so too, for she is so cold, and I can't get her to speak at all." The neighbours then went into the house, and upon entering the bedroom found the mother lying stiff and cold as the dead in the bed, and they were of opinion that she had been dead two or three days, and the poor child had been lying at her side in bed during that time.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN.—A young Frenchwoman, Victorine Langlois, was assaulted, and all killed, at Jersey, on Saturday last, by a French farm labourer, Auguste Rouelle. Both parties lived in the parish of St. Martin, and on the day named the young woman went in the evening to a public-house at Anne Port Bay to make inquiries concerning a vessel that was to leave the next day for France, whither she purposed going. On leaving the house she was followed by Rouelle, who attempted an assault. She fled from him and cried aloud for assistance, but as the place where they were was far from any habitation, she was not heard. He pursued and overtook her, and after a severe struggle, he dragged her to the edge of the cliff where it was about forty feet from the beach. He pushed her over the edge and she rolled half the way down, when she was caught by a bush that held her from falling. Seeing this, her assailant descended the cliff, loosened her from the bush, and hurled her to the bottom, where she fell on the stony beach, becoming insensible. There she lay in that condition till Sunday morning, when she was seen by some men passing by lying steeped in a mass of clotted blood and still insensible. She was removed to the house where she lived as domestic, and on recovering her consciousness gave the above particulars. Rouelle has hitherto succeeded in eluding the search made for him, and it is feared that he has escaped to France by the vessel that his victim intended sailing in.

The Housekeeper.

AUSTRALIAN TINNED MEAT.—Messrs. Coleman and Co., who are large importers of the tinned Australian meats, have issued the following directions for the preparation of the cooked mutton, and we insert them as showing some of the numerous modes in which it can be advantageously utilised:—

Irish Stew.—To each gallon of water add 2lb. of shred onions, 12lb. of whole potatoes. Boil about half an hour, then add 2lb. of the mutton, cut in pieces, season with pepper and salt and serve up. The stew may be thickened if desired, with either rice or pea-flour, or both. This dish costs about 1d. a pound.

Curried Mutton.—Fry some shred onions. Fry also some slices of the mutton well covered with curry powder and flour, add a little water thickened with curry powder and flour. Boil two minutes, serve up with plenty of boiled rice.

Haricot Mutton.—Fry some shred onions with cut carrots and parsnips. Stew them in water thickened with browned flour for two hours. Add some slices of the mutton well seasoned with pepper and salt, and in five minutes serve up.

Rissoles.—Chop some mutton fine, mix with breadcrumbs, season with chopped parsley, sweet herbs, lemon peel, pepper and salt, bind together with egg and fry in lard.

Puddings.—**Custard Puddings.**—Make a very good custard. To five eggs add half a quarter of an ounce of isinglass. Put the above in little dariole moulds in a cool place till quite cold. Then place them in hot water, to make them turn out of the moulds. After you have set them on the dish, pour round them damson or currant jelly perfectly sweetened. They ought to stand quite steady.

Boiled Lemon Pudding.—Take half a pound of stout chopped fine, half a pound of breadcrumbs, one large lemon, or two small ones, grated; squeeze them in the juice to these ingredients, three eggs, six ounces of white sugar. Boil forty minutes.

Nuts' Puffs.—Take half a pint of water, two ounces of butter, two ounces of sugar, and boil it in the water; then stir as much flour in as will make it stiff; when quite smooth, put in three eggs; then drop them in tins any size you like, and bake them.

Apple Puff.—Prepare some apples in the same way as for sauce; while hot beat them up with a small quantity of butter and a very little sugar; lemon juice and sugar to taste. Take the whites of two eggs and beat them up with two spoonfuls of wine, one of cream, one of powdered sugar, and one of lemon juice; when beaten to a froth put it on the apples.

Mr. E. L. ELLIOTT, the well-known Draper at 334, Bethnal-green-road, writes, July 6, 1869: "I found your Pain Killer in universal use in California, particularly for diarrhoea, dysentery, &c., and I never knew it fail to give relief. On one occasion, working in the mines, I tore nearly all the flesh from one of my fingers. I wrapped it up as well as I could in a cloth saturated with your Pain Killer, and was able to resume my work in three days afterwards.—To Perry Davis & Son, London."

Notes Interesting and Odd.



R. J. DE LAIRIE, writing from West Wickham, Cambs, says: "On Sunday morning my house was partly destroyed by fire, and my wife and I were mercifully preserved through the barking and scratching of a little favourite dog. We were sound asleep, and the dog woke us by coming to the head of the bed and scratching and barking. Our drawing-room was then in flames. I am truly grieved to add that the dog was burnt to death. I hope you will find room for the interesting, though painful, record of the faithfulness and devotion of a little dog."

TO KEEP CUT FLOWERS FRESH.—When cut flowers have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half-an-inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly-trimmed stalks instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen, the *flower* says, to come smooth and resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Coloured flowers, carnations, azaleas, roses, and geraniums may be treated in this way. White flowers turn yellow. The thickest-textured flowers come up the best, although azaleas flower wonderfully. Another very good mode of renovating cut flowers is to place them in water under a glass shade. For keeping flowers in water, finely powdered charcoal, in which the stalks can be stuck at the bottom of the vase, is excellent; it preserves them surprisingly, and renders the water free from any obnoxious qualities.

BLACK DIAMONDS.—It certainly appears incredible, says M. Piesse, that the diamond, so transcendently beautiful, sparkling with more brilliancy than the dewdrop at sunrise, should be nothing else than a bit of charcoal; but so it is. At one time, however, these diamonds covered the carbon roof, for by another change it becomes invisible! In such a state it exists in the brightest and purest atmosphere in the world. By another change it becomes the thick, heavy flakes of smoke which we see roll out of ill-constructed fires—the "blacks" of London and Birmingham. Coal is but impure carbon; hence it is often spoken of as the "black diamond." It signifies, however, as the intrinsic value of coal to man as its chemical relationship to the sparkling gem. How the world would fare without carbon it would be difficult to say; for it forms the major part of the vegetable and animal creation.

TOO MUCH OF A BLESSING.—The vicar of a fashionable parish formed one of a series of guests at a dinner party. Conversation wandered on the subject of civil marriages. It was maintained that religion was followed by happiness, and faith by family prosperity. The vicar observed that all the marriages he celebrated were blessed with happiness. Seeing the incredulous smiles of several, he said he would prove it, and drew from his pocket a letter in which a husband and wife reminded his reverence that since he blessed their union ten years ago they have been so happy that they have now their twelfth child, and under these circumstances beg of him to *withdraw his blessing!*

FASHION IN PARIS.—One of the Paris *demi-monde* has made out that she has spent within a few months 8,000*l.* on "trifles." As the creditors had to look into her accounts some curious bills were found. Here is a dressmaker's note: "Un jupon Louis XV., 60*fr.*; un costume noir et blanc, 900*fr.*; un manteau crêpe de Chine noir, 375*fr.*; un costume lilas et barège blanc, 700*fr.*; un costume gris et barège noir, 725*fr.*; un jupon et corsage taffetas noir, 600*fr.*; un manteau en tulle noir brodé or, 825*fr.*; un paletot barège noir, 150*fr.*" Here is an extract from the bill of the *coiffeur*: "Un flacon teinture blond, 20*fr.*; pour la teinture, 10*fr.*; un natte cheveux blonds (un mètre), 400*fr.*; un chignon boucles cheveux blonds, 80*fr.*"

A TOKEN OF AFFECTION.—One day last week a widow interred her husband in the cemetery at Blackburn. During the ceremony, according to a contemporary, she wept bitterly, at the same time holding her right hand under her left breast, as if for the purpose of suppressing those heartfelt emotions that are sometimes evinced in paroxysms of uncontrollable grief. She lingered by her husband's grave-side until the officiating minister and most of the mourners had retired from the spot. Suddenly she drew something from underneath her left breast, which proved to be her late husband's clogs, ironed at the sides. These she threw into the open grave, exclaiming, "Hee, tay thee w' th, for that's punishment w' I un-elf enough." The clogs, which would weigh from 6lb. to 8lb., fell with a heavy thud upon the coffin, the joinder's work of which it was very likely they would injure. After leaving this token in the grave of her husband, the bereaved widow momentarily dried her tears, and soon after rejoined the mourners.

THE STORY OF A ROBIN.—The following extract from a private note, dated a few days back, from Girmoe (near the Royal residence of Balmoral), tells one of the pleasantest and most interesting tales we have read for some time of this favourite songster and winter companion: "We have had a robin redbreast lodged in the house for the last three days, and have taken a deep interest in the confiding little beauty. It came on Friday, and hopped about kitchen and scullery the whole day, picking up crumbs quite industriously. It perched everywhere; on bottles, nails, chairs, jugs, and, one time—when it was washing her dish on the back of the hearth. It has no fear of her, but to the rest of us it has been a little shy. In the afternoon, thinking it would prefer roosting outside, we opened the door and let it out. It came back next morning, more at home than before, and several times it signalled a mate outside the window, and the two sang brilliantly to each other. The door was opened to it again in the afternoon. It went to the steps, took a few sips of water, then hopped inside again, clearly bent on staying the night with us. We wondered where it would roost, and I am certain you would not guess where it did go. When it was beginning to get dark it went upstairs in quite a business way, along the passage to the darkest part of it, and settled on the centre pin at the end of it, beside my bedroom door. It was scared somewhat with the light when I went to bed, but it did not leave the perch. It rose this morning and played itself all day, and now it roosts on the top of the bedroom door opposite mine."

A sewing-machine in a private family will, we have good reason to know, pay for itself in much less than a year. Employed in a way of business, it must clear itself in a very short space of time. The *Times* has advertized the value of the machine in the extent of more than two columns. Capital evidence of their vast utility: The Wheeler and Wilson Lock-stitch machine answers equally well for all kinds of work. One great advantage it possesses is, that the stitch is not affected by the action of the smoothing-iron in the laundry or other wearing surfaces, as it is interlocked in the fabric itself, whereas the chain or croch-stitch made by many other machines is very liable, when exposed to any wearing surface, to be cut through, and the whole seam be undone in consequence.

The Humourist.



WHEN a draft passes through the bank, does it give the clerks colds?

What season of the year harmonises most with the habits of the lion?—Spring-time.

An Ohio housewife is so extremely neat that she scrubbed her kitchen floor until she fell through into the cellar.

A little girl sent out to hunt for eggs came back unsuccessful, complaining that "lots of hens were standing around doing nothing."

A Western critic, wishing to say the handsome thing about Parepa Rosa, calls her "a washtub full of melody."

Why is a certain church-bell like a forgetful servant?—Because it has to be tolled so often.

A GOOD LAYER.—An enthusiastic poultry-keeper writes to suggest that the Great Eastern should now be called the Great Hen, because it has laid so many cables, and brought some of them up too.

COOKING AND COURTING.

Dear Ned, no doubt you'll be surprised

When you receive and read this letter;

I've fallen against the married state—

But then, you see, I knew no better.

I met a lovely girl, I here;—

Her manner is—well—very winning;

We're soon to be—well, Ned, my dear,

I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride

Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather;

She said she couldn't possibly—

The servants had gone off together—

(Hibernians always rush away,

At cousins' funerals to be looking)—

Pies must be made, and she must stay,

She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"Oh, let me help you," then I cried;

"I'll be a cooker, too—how jolly!"

She laughed and answered, with a smile,

All right! but you'll repent your folly,

For I shall be a tyrant, Sir,

And good hard work you'll have to grapple;

So sit down there, and don't you stir,

But take this knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeve above her arm—

"That lovely arm, so plump and rounded,

Outside, the morning sun shone bright,

Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.

Her little fingers sprinkled flour

And rolled the ploverst up in masses;

I passed a most delightful hour,

'Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection her sweet eyes

Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;

She sliced the apples, filled her pies,

And then the upper crust did settle.

Her rippling waves of golden hair

In one great coil were slightly twisted;

But looks would break it, here and there,

And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I

Fasted it up—her hands were doughy:

Oh, it did take the longest time—

Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy!

She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;

Somehow that marmalade, all the while;

Her arch lips looked so red that I—

Well, found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month;

Come and attend the wedding revels.

I really think that bachelors

Are the most miserable devils!

You'd better go for some girl's hand,

And if you are uncertain whether

You dare to make a due demand,

Why, just try cooking pies together.

(From Punch.)

"Fictile Ivories."—False teeth.

Stirring Event.—Mixing a plum-pudding.

LENT TO READ.—Messrs. Houlston advertise "Notes on Fasting." By a Layman.

Another title, perhaps, fitting this book would be "The Autobiography of Emptiness."

(From Fun.)

The last thing a man should be out of.—Temper.

What vessel in Her Majesty's service does the Chancellor of the Exchequer represent?

A Question for Heralds' College.—Is it correct to address a Companion of the Bath as "Your Washup?"

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.]

BIRTHS.

On the 12th inst., at 29, Arundel-gardens, Kensington-park, Notting-hill, the wife of H. Conrad, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 12th inst., at Midvale, the wife of Mr. F. Fabris, of a daughter.

On the 14th inst., at 8, Kent-terrace, Regent-park, the wife of H. A. Gifford, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 10th inst., at St. Matthew's, Baywater, by the Rev. W. Wilkinson, D.D., rector of Birmingham, assisted by the Rev. C. W. Wilson, M.A., rector of St. Thomas's, Birmingham, unions of the bride, Mr. T. C. Jarvis, L.L.B., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, only son of T. H. Jarvis, Esq., to Emily Frances Smythe, second daughter of J. F. Leeves, Esq., solicitor, of 4, Abchurch-lane, Baywater.

DEATHS.

On the 12th inst., at Chatham-place, Hackney, Mr. A. Barrett, of Jessops Blue-bottle, Esq., aged eighty-seven.

On the 15th inst., at 32, Brynston-square, Lillian Adela, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Yngv Burges, in her sixth year.

On the 14th inst., at 45, Westbourne-terrace, Arabella Catherine Anne, youngest child of N. T. Lawrence, Esq., aged eighteen months.

On the 12th inst., at 6, Montpelier-lane, Brighton, D. Lockie, Esq., aged ninety years.

NEW and BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
for the SCRAP-BOOK or SCREEN. A very pretty
Collection of 21 different Designs, highly finished, in
Colour. Free for 21 stamps.—JOHN YERRARD, 172,
Fleet-street, London.

PERFECTLY PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

By the use of this, the most simple, speedy, and an-
aesthetic agent, after an experience of upwards of 1,600 cases,
Mr. B. L. MOSELEY, the Dentist, guarantees entire immu-
nity from pain in every operation pertaining to Dental
Surgery, and successful painless adaptation of Artificial
Teeth. The daily experience of hospital and extensive
private practice demonstrates that, unlike any other
anesthetic, the Nitrous Oxide Gas is innocuous and even
pleasant, while want of success is simply impossible.
For confirmation of this vide "Lancet," "British Medical
Journal" of 15th inst., and opinions of leading members
of the faculty. In the use of Mr. B. L. Moseley's Painless
Artificial Teeth, the following results may be confidently
relied on. All loose teeth are permanently fastened, and
the artificial teeth as firm in the mouth as the natural.
Such entire comfort, combined with a fit so perfect, is far
from secured by this speciality, that the wearer, so far from
being inconvenient by his artificial teeth, is actually
uncomfortable without them. In appearance and in use,
both for eating and speaking, they are precisely the same
as each's own natural teeth—there is no difference what-
ever. The "Times," March 6th, says, "So good an imita-
tion comes next to the original." Teeth, from 5s.; sets,
from 5 guineas. Consultation and every information free.
Established 1839. At Wigmore-street, 212, WIGMORE-
STREET (facing the Polytechnic); 22, MOORGATE-
STREET, E.C. (opposite the Star Insurance Office).

THE THROAT AND WEAKNESS OF THE VOICE.

MILES DOUGHTY'S VOICE

LOZENGES produce a Certain Voice of bell-like
Clearness for all who wish to sing or speak well.
Testimonial No. 815.—JESSE LIND writes: "I confirm
the testimony already so general."

Testimonial No. 621.—LUCAS FRET writes: "I have
benefited much from the use of them."

Testimonial No. 508.—SIR MICHAEL COSTA writes: "I am
glad to give my testimony to their efficacy."

Testimonial 413.—ACCOMMODATION MAKING writes: "I
approve very highly of them."

"* These delightfully flavoured Lozenges improve,
sustain, and increase the power and compass of the voice,
stop its decline and impart elasticity and brilliancy to the
vocal chords."

Sold in Boxes at 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each; post free for
8, 14, or 24 stamps, by MILES DOUGHTY, Chemist, 20,
Blackfriars-road, London; and all Chemists.

THE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, Soho-

square. Established 1842, for the reception of
Patients from all parts of the United Kingdom and the
Colonies.

The Committee APPEAL for CONTRIBUTIONS, that
they may maintain the efficiency of this National Institu-
tion. Every bed is occupied in the Free Department of the
Hospital, and many Patients are waiting for admission.
The New Wing is now open for the reception of gentle-
women, who, by a payment of One Guinea a-week, can
obtain all the advantages of Hospital treatment, combine
with the privacy and comfort of home.

Donations (either to the General or to the Building Fund
will be thankfully received by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and
Co.; Messrs. Ransom and Co.; or by the Secretary, at the
Hospital, from 10 till 5.

HENRY H. INGRAM, Sec.

KAYE'S WORMS' PILL'S.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS, although incident to
every woman, are often neglected from motives of delicacy,
until they bring on a number of disorders that the best
medical aid will fail to cure. They arise from disorder or
debility of the system. Kaye's Worms' Pills may not
only be safely taken in all such cases, but ensure in most
instances certain cure. The most delicate female may use
them, with a certainty of relief.

Sold by all Chemists and other dealers in Patent Medi-
cines, at 1s., 1d., 2s., 3d., and 4s. 6d.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITTE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER

TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 500 Medical Men
to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment
of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so hurtful in its
effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round
the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by
the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with
so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and
may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be
had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by
post, on the circumstance of the Body Two inches below
the hips being sent to the Manufacturer.

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Single Truss, 10s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s.
Double Truss, 31s., 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 1d.
An Unaltered Truss, 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 1d.
Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE,
Post-office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

THE material of which these are made is
recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly
elastic and compressible, and the best invention for giving
efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAK-
NESS and swelling of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS,
SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpen-
sive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price,
4s., 6d., 7s., 8d., 10s., and 12s. each. Postage, 6d.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,

BRONCHITIS, AND NEURALGIA,

THE GREAT REMEDY OF THE DAY

Is DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

A few doses will cure all incipient cases.

CAUTION.—The extraordinary medical reports on the
efficacy of Chlorodyne renders it of vital importance that
the Public should obtain the genuine, which is now sold
under the protection of Government authorising a stamp
bearing the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne,"
without which words none is genuine. See Circular of Vice-
Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood, in the Times, July 16, 1869.

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Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-
street, London, W.C.

BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS.

"Resembling mother's milk as closely as possible."—Dr.
H. BAKER on Right Foods. "The infant Prince thrives
upon it as a Prince should."—Special Science Review.

"Highly nourishing and easily digested."—Dr. HASSALL.

No Boiling or Straining required.

Tins, 1s., 2s., 6s., and 10s.

Prepared by SAVORY & MOORE, New Bond-street,
London.

Procureable at all Chemists and Italian Warehouses.

PATENTED THROUGHOUT EUROPE AND AMERICA.



RIZE MEDALS awarded at the London, Paris, and Amsterdam International Exhibitions, for
"Improvements and enamel excellence."

DIPLOME DE MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, NETHERLANDS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1860.

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THE principal advantages of their last Patented Pianoforte Improvements are—

"This mechanism secures instantaneous repetition without any adulteration of the sound through the spasmodic inter-
ruption so common to the vibration of the strings."—It has received the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians
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"... The touch is very sure, light, and elastic, giving the performer every facility for producing gradations of tone.
So important an improvement is of the utmost interest to pianists."—"Musical Times," June 1, 1869.

"... The Messrs. Brinsmead's invention is simplicity itself, and there can be little doubt that it more closely
approaches perfection than any arrangement which has preceded it. ... We are much struck with the power possessed
by Messrs. Brinsmead's instruments to sustain that which they happily call 'singing,' whilst a plaintive melody is being
performed. It is long since we have listened to instruments more rich in tone and general brilliancy than these."
—"The Green," May 15, 1869.

18, WIGMORE STREET, W.

MANUFACTORIES—1 to 4, CHENIES STREET; 8, LITTLE TORRINGTON STREET;

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THICK HAIR PLATS FOR FORMING THE COIL. CHIGNON, 23 inches in length and PERFECTLY SMOOTH, 55s. each.

SECOND QUALITY, same length when Platted, but made of shorter Hair, 25s.

CLUSTERS OF CURLS, from 6d. to 2s. 6d., to 2s. 6d., according to length.

ALL COLOURS MATCHED, AND ANY ORDER SENT BY POST SECURE FROM OBSERVATION.

STACEY & CO.,

HAIRDRESSERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

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ORIENTAL WASHING POWDER.

PURELY VEGETABLE (GUARANTEED).

LADIES.—By using the ORIENTAL WASHING POWDER, every variety of Colours may now be washed.

This celebrated Powder will prevent the running of colours.
Fixes the Colours of Chintzes, Prints, Satins, and Silks.
Prevents Ironmould.
Washes the most delicate Fabric, and renders Linen beautifully white.
It is invaluable for Brussels and other Laces.

Sent to any part of Great Britain and Ireland, post free, on receipt of 14 postage stamps, to

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S. M. will feel obliged to Ladies using the ORIENTAL, to forward, at their pleasure, a testimonial as to its efficacy.
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COCOAS, CHOCOLATES, AND ESSENCE

OF COFFEE.



TRADE MARK.

CARACATINA: a Cocoa deprived of
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CONCENTRATED MEAT COCOA 9d., 1s. 6d., and 3s. per
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LICHEN ISLANDICUS, or ICE-
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DUNN'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE 1s. and 2s. per bottle.

TO BE HAD EVERYWHERE.

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Is prepared from RICE, the Staple Food of more than Three Hundred Millions
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Cakes, Soups, &c., and is the most wholesome and easily digestible Food for Children
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Testimonial from EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S.

"Rice-Flour is Corn-Flour, and I regard his preparation of Messrs. COLMAN'S as superior to
anything of the kind now before the public."

SHERIDAN MUSPRATT, M.D., Professor at the Liverpool College of Chemistry, writes:—

"I can highly recommend it as a palatable and very digestible and nutritious food."

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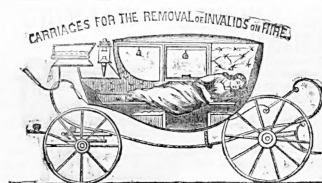
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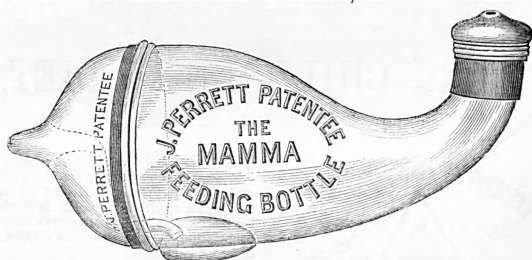
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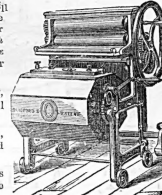
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